# Poems

## On several Occasions

By

1783.

**WILLIAM PRESTON.**

Bought for Mr Thomas from Mr Moore of Grafton Street
for 2-0½


DUBLIN.

Printed by Wm Halhead, N. 63 Dame str.

MDCCLXXXI.

# SONNET.

## TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

## JAMES EARL OF CHARLEMOUNT.

CAULFIELD, were mine the *chian* father's vein,
Or had I heir'd *Tyrtæus'* lofty ſong,
Then might I riſe, to ſing the patriot throng,
And hail thee firſt amidſt that awful train.
My lyre ſhould ſound the plauſive croud among,
The copious tide of verſe ſhould roll along
Thy honour'd name, and the rich-freighted ſtrain
Bear thee, in future days, to many a plain.
But *Caulfield*, know, not every climè may boaſt
The ſpicy growth of incenſe-breathing fields,
Nor ſtately cedars riſe on ev'ry hill;
Yet not the more, will ſages ſcorn the coaſt,
That obvious flow'rs alone, and herbage yields,
The ſimple neighbours of the ſparkling rill.

WILLIAM PRESTON.

Dublin, Jan. 16, 1781.

# TABLE

OF

# CONTENTS.



## LOVE ELEGIES.



## SONNETS.

# AN
# HEROIC EPISTLE
## FROM
# DONNA TERESA PINNA Y RUIZ.

YE weſtern winds, from ocean's boſom riſe,
And bear to perjur'd *Twiſs* his *Pinna's* ſighs!
Ye new-born gales, that fan the lemon grove,
In clouds of eſſence waft the voice of love!

L. 2. *Pinna.*] During my ſhort ſtay in *Murcia*, I ſpent every evening at the houſe of Donna Tereſa Pinna y Ruiz. That lady and her daughter were ſo obliging as to aſſemble all their muſical acquaintance, themſelves ſinging *Tonadillas* and *Seguedillas*, in a far *ſuperior manner than I had ever heard them ſung before*; the young lady had made a great proficiency in muſic, and accompanies herſelf with the harpſichord and guitar, as perfectly as a profeſſed miſtreſs of the ſcience; ſo that it was with the greateſt regret I parted from this amiable family, which I did the 8th of May.

Twiſs's Travels through Portugal and Spain,
Dub. Edit. Vol. 1. p. 244.

Yes—waft my ſorrows to th' *Iernian* plains,
And bid their Author ſhare *Tereſa's* pains.
Fly, fly, my nightingale! the tale to bear;
Or thou, my parrot! pour it on his ear.
Ah! could my monkey ſwim the wat'ry way,
And grin my woes, and chide his long delay; 10
Or *Cupid* tune my lapdogs' little tongues,
To howl in cadence ſad *Tereſa's* wrongs.

Half naked, ſhiv'ring at the midnight air,
With mangled boſom and diſhevell'd hair,
One ſtocking off—I ſit—and weep—and write—
The ſtreaming tears have drown'd my taper's light.
Where does my brave, my beauteous Briton rove,
That ſtar of courteſy, that ſoul of love!
What yielding heart partakes the wand'ring fire?
Whom does thy *fiddle* melt with fond deſire? 20
That fiddle, where the loves encradled ſleep,
Squeak in its tones, and thro' its ſound-holes peep,
To mark their prey—then many a bow they bend,
And many an arrow 'midſt the croud they ſend.
What fair *Hibernian*, with ſuperior charms,
Withholds the wanderer from *Tereſa's* arms?—
Bleſt be the fate's that grac'd my charmer's birth
With *Quixote's* gallantry, and *Sancho's* mirth!
Oft in his form I've trac'd with fond delight,
The meagre graces of *La Mancha's* knight. 30

What sweet extremes adorn his various mind,
Wild as the *Zebra*, as the *Jack-Ass* kind!
Full many a tear for thee, brave stranger! falls,
Full many a sigh resounds to *Murcia's* walls,
Full many a lute is tun'd to *Richard's* name,
And many a sonnet speaks the Briton's fame.
Return, return, ye lightly pacing hours!
When love and *Twiss* endear'd the *Murcian* bowers,
When *Twiss*, the slave of dalliance and dessie,
Sung like a cricket in his cage of wire. 40
Each hour, each minute brought its joys along,
Fandango, concert, alamede, or song.

L. 32. *Zebra.*] Zebra, or wild ass;—they never can be sufficiently broke to endure a bit or a rein;—tho' it was attempted to enable six of them to draw the Prince of Beira's chariot.

T. T. Vol. 1. p. 24.

L. 40. *Cricket.*] In most parts of Spain, crickets are kept in small wire cages, placed on the window ledges: they are each in a separate cage, with a bit of sallad, and kept continually chirping.

T. T. Vol. 2. p. 100.

L. 42. *Fandango.*] There are two kinds of *Fandangos*, tho' they are danced to the same tune; the one is the *decent* dance,—the other is *gallant*—[*for in this gentleman's vocabulary, gallant is synonymous to indecent*]—— full of *expression*; and as a late French author energetically expresses it, *est melée de certaines attitudes qui offrent un tableau*

O say, ye groves!—and say, ye flowery plains!
Say, towers of *Murcia* (for ye heard his strains,
And view'd us scampering thro' the breezy shade,
When the fleet ass the silken rein obey'd,)
What youth like *Twiss* the fiddle-stick commands,
Or bridles *Jack-ass* with such dext'rous hands?

*bleau continuel de jouissance.*——This dance is for two persons, much like the Dutch *Plugge Dansen.*

T. T. Vol. 1, p. 19—268.

L. 42. *Alameda.*] Answers to mall.——After the diversions [plays] end, which is usually half past eleven, it is customary to walk in the Alameda, or mall, till midnight; here I saw

——— Donne e Donzelle,
D'ogni età, d'ogni sorta, e brutte e belle.

Among the rest, I observed several ladies who had fixed *glowworms*, by threads, to their hair, which had a luminous and pleasing effect.

This Alameda [at Cadiz] is much resorted to by ladies of easy virtue.

T. T. Vol. 2. p. 54.

L. 48. *Jack-ass.*] The ladies, both in Spain and Portugal, ride on burros, or jack-asses, with a pack saddle;——a servant attends them with a sharp stick, to make the beast go faster, when necessary; if he goes too fast, he stops it by pulling it by the tail. Gentlemen ride on horses, servants on mules; as do likewise those physicians who have no carriages.

T. T. Vol. 1, p. 34.

My dear *Cortejo*, ever at my side,
By night my fidler—and by day my guide. 50
Well could he parasol or flyflap hold,
Adjust the veil that shone with threads of gold,
For ripest grapes the many garden trace,
Or hush musquitos from his *Pinna's* face;
And graceful oft extended at my feet,
And gazing up, with looks so fond, so sweet,
He talk'd—how *British* dames on tea regale,
Build the high head, or drag the sweeping tail;
Of tinsell'd rose in silken slippers worn,
And ostrich plumes that powder'd locks adorn; 60

L. 49. *Cortejo*] Synonymous with the Italian *Cicisbei*; I do not assert that all their ladies have such attendants. I was one evening much surprised at seeing a lady with whom I had the day before been in company, when she was dressed in the height of coquetry, make her appearance in a nun's black habit, with a leathern thong, to which hung knotted cords round her waist. She told me she had made a vow to wear that habit for six months, by way of penance, for some sins that she had committed. On enquiry, from one of her *female friends*, I found it was only because her husband had forbid his house to her *Cortejo*: So that the poor lady thus publicly testified her sorrow for her swain's discharge.

T. T. Vol. 2. p. 102.

L. 51. *Flyflaps.*] I had the honour of dining at the house of the marquis *del Bado*; the guests were all served in plate; several pages attended with flyflaps, to prevent those troublesome insects [*viz. the guests*,] from settling on the dishes.

T. T. Vol. 2. p. 29.

That flounce exploded quits the beauteous arm,
And ſpreading hoops expand the power to charm,
While faſhion waves her wand the ſtays to ſink,
And greedy eyes the full-orb'd boſom drink;
Their cards, their tickets what devices grace,
Their gowns what trimmings, and their caps what lace.
Such ſweet diſcourſe the fleeting hours deceiv'd;
You ſmil'd, I gaz'd; you vow'd, and I believ'd—
Yes—on thy tale the fooliſh maiden hung,
And ſuck'd the poiſon from thy nectar'd tongue. 70

When, dim and pale, the ſun begins to riſe,
He ſeems a muſhroom to the ſailor's eyes.

L. 72. *Seems a muſhroom.*] This ſimile may be beſt illuſtrated by a quotation from Chandler's Travels, Dub. Edit. page 3. "To complete this wonderful day, the ſun before its "ſetting was exceedingly big, and aſſumed a variety of "fantaſtic ſhapes. It was ſurrounded firſt with a golden "glory, of great extent, and flamed upon the ſurface of the "ſea in a long column of fire. The lower half of the orb "ſoon after immerged in the horizon, the other portion re-"maining very large and red, with half of a ſmaller orb be-"neath it, and ſeparate, but in the ſame direction, the cir-"cular rim approaching the line of its diameter. Theſe two "by degrees united, and then changed rapidly into differ-"ent figures, until the reſemblance was that of a *capa-"cious punch-bowl* inverted. The rim of the bottom ex-"tended upward, and the body lengthening below, it be-"came a *muſhroom on a ſtalk, with a round head.* It was "next metamorphoſed into a *flaming cauldron*, of which the

Then from th' horizon rears his shamefac'd head,
And shews, a copper potlid, dim and red;
'Till lifted high, and strong in noon-tide glare,
He thaws the traveller with his brazen share.
Thus love at first but faintly we descry,
It seems the mushroom of a roving eye;
Then seen more plainly for its blushing veil,
It owns the truth by striving to conceal; 80
Confess'd and brazen last it pours it's rays,
And reason faints beneath th' impetuous blaze.
At first I wonder'd how my soul could dance,
With newborn flutt'rings, when I met your glance:
Next half conceal'd, and thus the more display'd,
O'er conscious weakness cold reserve I laid:
Then the bold passion dar'd the gen'ral eye,
Fierce as the sun, and boundless as the sky!
Our love the crowded alameda knew,
And oft at bull-fights was I seen with you; 90
Our wishes lighten'd from our eyes in fire,
Our practis'd fingers talk'd the big desire;
Ne'er from guitar such tones could *Pinna* bring,
As when her *Twiss* attun'd the vocal string;
The strings you finger'd glow'd with many a kiss,
And groves of citron heard the name of *Twiss*.

" the lid, rising up, swelled nearly into an orb, and vanish-
" ed. The other portion put on several uncircular forms,
" and after many twinklings and faint glimmerings slowly
" disappeared, quite red; leaving the clouds, hanging over
" the dark rocks on the Barbary shore, tinged with a vivid
" bloody hue."

Anxious to please, I dress'd with double care,
And pendent glowworms lighten'd in my hair;
I scorn'd my parents voice, my spotless fame,
And malice batten'd on *Teresa's* name. 100
Nay more—for who shall frantic love control,
Forgive, dear parent, this distemper'd soul—
I view'd my mother, with a jealous eye,
And thought she simper'd, when my *Twiss* was nigh.
Woo'd by the fairest youths, the pride of *Spain*,
For thee, base man! I scorn'd the gallant train,
Nay ev'n, for thee—the *Spanish* garb I scorn'd,
The darling trifles that our maids adorn'd;
All but her veil the doating fool resign'd,
(To tender stealths the veil was ever kind) 110
The yellow powder, and the pendent worm,
The widen'd sleeves that grace the taper form,
And bright with silver threads the network caul,
Ungrateful youth! for thee I scorn'd them all;
And lov'd to dress me like an *English* girl,
My nightgown muslin, and my ear-rings pearl.
And well, methought, the passion was repaid,
For dearly then you lov'd the *Murcian* maid.

L. 98.] *Vide*, p. 6. Note, l. 10.

L. 111. *Yellow Powder*, &c.] The women wear no caps, but tie a kind of network silk purse over their hair, with a long tassel behind;—the sleeves of their gowns are wide enough to admit their waists, which, however, seldom exceed a span in diameter——The ladies powder their hair with yellow powder.
T. T. Vol. 1. 35.—2. 109.

New toads, new lizards, day by day were caught,
And still to me the reptile game you brought;
Or on my petticoats cameleons plac'd,
And wand'ring mark'd how colour colour chac'd.
—One—(for my petticoat was torn and thin)
Slipt thro' a chink, and nestled to my skin:
With nimble hand you seiz'd it where it crawl'd,
Heav'ns!—how I blush'd, I shudder'd, and I squall'd!

Alas, how chang'd! what cares! what sorrows rise!
*Hibernia* calls him—and my charmer flies.

L. 119. *Lizards.*] Lizards of different sizes, from two inches to eighteen, swarmed among the stones and walls; the larger are very fierce and dangerous.——I have seen several, which, being pursued by a little dog I had, would turn about and stand at bay, hissing violently, their mouths open, wide enough to admit a hen's egg:——their bite is so tenacious, that I have lifted them from the ground, by putting a stick in their mouths. Dr. Goldsmith says, 'Salt seems to be more 'efficacious for destroying these animals, than the knife; for, 'on being sprinkled with it, the whole body emits a viscous 'liquor, and the lizard dies in three minutes in great agonies.'————I was at that time ignorant of this particular, or I should have made the experiment, which I have tried on snails, and found it to have the same effect it is here said it will have on lizards.

T. T. Vol. 1. p. 234.

L. 121.] I purchased four live cameleons, &c.

T. T. Vol. 2. p. 96.

Love, liberty, and life with *Teviſs* depart,
Fandangos, fiddles—and *Tereſa's* heart— 130
The groves are ſilent, flowers forget to ſpring,
My lapdog droops, my crickets ceaſe to ſing.
I ſee thee waking—claſp thee in my ſleep,
And ſcolding tears my thorny pillow ſteep.

One ſole employment fills the moping hour.
To nurſe the ſorrows that my peace devour,
That, veil'd from ſight, the ſoft'ring boſom rive,
Within the peach as neſted earwigs live.
Thus, when her chicken, in ſome puddle drown'd,
Or kennel deep, a watery death has found, 140
The matron hen laments the giddy fool,
And chucks and chucks around the turbid pool:
Nor oats, nor eatmeal, ſooth her ſorrowing breaſt,
With flagging wing ſhe roves, with plume undreſt,
And all a mother's love in buſy woe confeſt.

—Not Alameda charms thy penſive fair,
Nor grove where lemons balm the ſcented air:
But, ſad and lonely, by the midnight oil,
I turn the weary page with ceaſeleſs toil,
That tells how *Richard* ſtray'd from poſt to poſt, 150
What towns he din'd in, and what bridges croſt;
How many eagles by the way were ſeen;
How many aſſes graz'd along the green;

L. 152. *Eagles.*] During theſe laſt four leagues, I obſerved nothing

What steeple's height the pious stork possest,
Or what low Venta boasts her humbler nest.
Our *Murcia* too, and *Pinna's* name I find,
To glory hallow'd, and with *Richard* join'd:
Thus in his metal *Manly's* name survives,
And *Read's* immortal on his own case-knives.
Lull'd by the task, awhile I sink to rest, 160
The volume folded to my throbbing breast.
Yet still in dreams, I see my *Richard* go,
O'er wastes of *Lybian* sand or *Alpine* snow,

nothing remarkable——except ten eagles, flying circularly near each other.——On the 24th of May, we saw a great number of eagles.

T. T. Vol. 2. p. 13, & 16.

L. 153. *Asses.*] During this journey, we met and overtook thousands of asses.

T. T. Vol. 1. p. 66.

L. 154. *Stork.*] We dined at the village of Gallego, where I observed two storks, which had built their nests on the church steeple.——We crossed the river Agueda on a temporary bridge, and entered the city of Cividad Rodrigo; where we saw many storks nests on the steeples and chimnies. ——We passed this night in a Venta, which had a stork's nest on the roof.

T. T. Vol. 1. p. 60, & 66.

L. 155. *Venta.*] We dined at a Venta—in the *Hogsty*, as the smoke in the parlour, which had no chimney, was insufferable. ——We passed the night at the village of Caserichs, nestling among the straw.

T. T. Vol. 1. p. 236.

And now, methinks, in doleful plight he lies,
With wasps and adders stung, or blown with flies,
Or in some hogsty meets a ruthless boar,
And, like *Adonis* welters in his gore;
Now seeks the salvage shore, the dreary den,
Of plumed women, and of long-tail'd men.
In melting notes when tonadillas roll, 170
And seguedillas catch the prison'd soul,
Thine image puts my music-book to flight;
Breves, minims, crotchets swim before my sight,
In floods of tears my harpsichord is drown'd,
While basses groan, and trebles squeak around.
Ye Gods, that see my sorrows, know my truth,
Oh, pour hot vengeance on the perjur'd youth!
Yes—at his head some signal judgment throw,
Great as my wrongs, and weighty as my woe;
O'erturn his chaise in torrent, dike, or bog; 180
Souse him with showers, bewilder him with fog;
Let caitiff publican o'ercharge his bill,
And toothless matron fleece him at quadrille.
—What direful wish from frantic passion sped?
Return, my curses, on my guilty head,—
Prevent, ye Gods! my *Richard's* warm desires
With all that reason wins, and fancy fires!

L. 170. *Tonadillas.*] Tonadillas, cantatas, &c. for two, three, or four voices; seguedilla, only part of a tonadilla.

T. T. Vol. 1. p. 179.

May beetles, bats, and toads his steps surround!
May gypsies smile, and lutes and bagpipes sound!
For him, let lizards people every wall,
And monstrous maggots from the viands crawl;
For him let earth produce it's snowy mice,
For him let æther swarm with winged lice,
The liquid bev'rage yield uncounted worms,
And flame the hearth with salamander forms.

To gain the notice of an F. K. S,
Th' *Iernian* plains do teeming wonders bless,

L. 189. *Gypsies.*] Numerous throughout, &c.—The assertion, that they are all so abandoned, as that author [*le voyageur Francois*] says, is too general ———*I have lodged many times in their houses*——and never missed the most trifling thing, though I have left my knives, forks, candlesticks, spoons, and linen at their mercy———and I have *more than once* known *unsuccessful attempts* made for a *private interview* with some of their young females, who virtuously rejected both the courtship and the money.———We got to Chandel, where we past the night on straw, in a Venta kept by gypsies, the doors and windows of which were always open ———by *reason*——they had none to shut.———Our landlady, *however*, very obligingly danced a Fandango with the soldier, to the sound of the Tambour de Basque & Castanetas.————May the 18th, we entered the city of Granada, &c. &c. and put up at the inn, kept by *gypsies*.——— Don Fernando and his man, with myself, my servant, the host, hostess, three children, and some foot travellers, all slept on the straw together.

T. T. Vol. 1. p. 263.

Such potent drugs as ancient *Colchis* bore,
The venom'd herbage of *Thessalian* lore?
With alligators swarms the river's tide, 200
Do winged basilisks the breezes ride?
In vain, in vain you tread the barren plains;
Nor asp, nor tumbledung rewards your pains;
The wretched vales nor snake nor scorpion boast,
Saint *Patrick* chas'd them from the guilty coast,
Mere *common* flies the noontide shambles breed,
Mere *vulgar* lice on *Irish* beggars feed:
In vain your teeth, your microscope you try,
They seem but *English* to the taste and eye.

While *Pinna* weeps to *Murcian* vales and bow'rs, 210
What cares, what studies fill the wanderer's hours!

L. 203. *Tumbledung.*] The beetle, which the *Americans* call *tumbledung*, particularly demands our attention, &c. its strength is given it for more useful purposes, than exciting human curiosity—for there is no creature more laborious, either in seeking subsistence, or in providing a *proper retreat* for its young; they are endowed with sagacity to discover *subsistence*—by their *excellent smell*, which directs them to—*excrements* just fallen from man or beast, on which they instantly drop, and fall unanimously to work in forming round balls or pellets thereof, in each of which they inclose an egg.

T. T. Vol. 2. p. 14.

L. 205. *Saint Patrick.*] Saint Patrick, according to some old traditions, banished snakes, and other venomous creatures, from Ireland.

Doſt thou, with learn'd and deep preciſion, mark
The length of turkey, and the breadth of lark?
Thy ſumptuous board do rotten viands load,
And writhing maggots feed thy darling toad?
Doſt thou thy muſter-roll of beauties frame,
And call to judgment each aſpiring dame?
A ſecond *Paris*—on thy dread commands,
In naked glory wait the ſhining bands.
A thouſand nymphs, *Ierne's* proudeſt boaſt, 220
A thouſand nymphs—and every nymph a toaſt—
While nice diſcernment, in impartial ſcale,
The tooth of *Phillis* weighs with *Mira's* nail,
Adjuſts the credit and the debt of charms,
The legs of *Portia* with *Caliſta's* arms,

L. 213. *Turkey*, &c. *Lark.*] The larks here are of an extraordinary ſize,—the largeſt which I ſhot, meaſured ſeventeen inches, when the wings were extended.

T. T. Vol. 1. p. 66.

L. 215. *Writhing Maggots.*] Since my return to England I procured two toads, in order to obſerve their manner of feeding, which they did *out of my hand, wherein I held ſome maggots*, which I had engendered in rotten meat; the toads darted out their tongues with a motion as rapid as the flyer of a jack, ſo that the eye could ſcarcely follow them, and ſwallowed the maggots, which adhered to the glutinous part of the tongue.

T. T. Vol. 2. p. 96.

L. 216. *Muſter-roll of beauties.*] Mr. Twiſs had ſeriouſly conceived a deſign of making a catalogue of beauties, ranked according to their reſpective merits, for the imbelliſhment of his intended book of Travels through Ireland.

*Blondina's* lily with *Belinda's* rose,
And *Laura's* pretty foot with *Flavia's* nose.
But can'st thou, fond and feeling as thou art,
Survey the charmer, and preserve thy heart?
Some secret spell the homeliest maidens find 230
To fire the tinder of thy yielding mind,
Each stature, colour, feature, age and shape;
Brown as they were, not gypsies could escape:
Their smutty charms your wandering eyes betray'd,
And oft and oft you wrong'd the *Murcian* maid.
With soothing speech you woo'd the tawny train,
And sometimes too—you mourn'd their proud disdain.
In some cook's shop, thus roves th' inconstant fly,
From cate to cate he darts an eager eye,
Now soars to ven'son, with a humming flight, 240
Now feasts on bull-beef with a cheap delight;
Well-pleas'd he sucks, and buzzes as he blows,
And maggots mark him, wherefo'er he goes.
Distracting thought!—Some *Irish* damsel's thrall,
Perhaps this moment at her feet you fall;
Or on the footstool of her chariot stand,
Sigh, chatter, flirt her fan, and squeeze her hand,

L. 237. *Vide*, p. 15. Note, l. 7.

L. 246. *Footstool of her chariot.*] The ladies afterwards took an airing in their chariots, drawn by four and six mules, slowly driving backwards and forwards along the mall, or Alameda, which is pleasantly planted with trees on the side of

When city belles in Sunday pomp are seen,
And gilded chariots troll round Stephen's-green.
Ye gods above!—Ye blackguard boys below! 250
Oh, splash his stockings, and avenge my woe.
Perhaps some Siren wafts thee all alone,
In magic vehicle, to cates unknown;
High low machine, that bears plebeian wight
To distant tea-house, or funereal rite:
Still as it moves, the proud pavilion nods,
A chaise by mortals, NODDY term'd by gods.
Where *Donnybrook* surveys her winding rills,
And *Chapel-izod* rears her sunny hills;
Thy sumptuous board the little loves prepare, 260
And *Sally Lun*, and *saffron-cake* are there.
Blest saffron cakes! from you may *Dublin* claim
Peculiar pleasure, and peculiar fame.

of the river Xenil; the gentlemen walked on foot, and from time to time got on the footstep of the carriages, placing their arm over the coach door, *cortejando las señoras* cicisbeing the ladies, which ceremony I could not in conscience dispense with.

T. T. Vol. 1. p. 257.

L. 249. *Stephen's-green.*] A place of public resort, especially on Sunday's, when the nobility and gentry take the air there, and parade in their carriages—for a description of it, vide Twiss's Tour in Ireland.

L. 257.] For a description of this vehicle, vide the same work.

L. 258.] Donnybrook, Chapel-izod, names of pleasant villages in the neighbourhood of Dublin,

Bleſt cates! plump, yellow, tempting as the breaſt
Of gypſey, heaving thro' the tatter'd veſt!
Once ſmocks alone neglected ſaffron dy'd,
(Unwaſh'd to wear them was the maiden's pride)
The generous drug, more honour'd than of yore,
Now fills the bellies it adorn'd before.

Yet ſhall our lemons to potatoes bend? 270
With Spaniſh dames ſhall Iriſh maids contend?
Or *Dublin* beggars boaſt an equal part
With *Murcian* gypſies in my *Richard's* heart?
Are fairer throngs at play than bull-fight ſeen?
Or yield our Alamedes to Stephen's-green?
The rocket's blaze ſhall dim the comet's tail,
When *Liffey's* banks contend with *Murcia's* vale;
And lemons crown the bleak *Hibernian* coaſt,
Ere *Iriſh* miſs the charms of *Pinna* boaſt.
Let birth, let grandeur ſtrike thy lifted eye, 280
And ſay, what maiden ſhall with *Pinna* vie?
The beſt, the proudeſt, of your *Iriſh* dames,
Reflected pride from *Spaniſh* lineage claims.
What are the glories of *Mileſian* blood?
A ſcant infuſion of our generous flood—
But ſo debas'd, ſo loſt, you vainly trace
The genial currents in the mongrel race.

L. 266.] Alluding to the cuſtom which anciently prevailed among the Iriſh of dying their linen with ſaffron.

Well (for, by chance divine, a map I found)
I know each single spot of *Irish* ground,
Thy daily wand'rings on the sheet I trace, 290
And hunt thee with a pin from place to place.
*Hibernian* fens, with cold *Lethean* steams,
Diffuse dull loit'rings and oblivious dreams.
Yet should some chance the thoughtless rover call
Where crouded *Limerick* rears th' embattled wall,
Where, *Gloucine!* thy fanes are yet unknown,
And foul cascades benighted strangers drown;
Then shall his love, reviv'd by well-known stink,
Remember *Spain*, and on *Teresa* think.

Come, *Richard*, come, no more perplex thy head
With writing books that never shall be read. 301
What joys, what sports can *Irish* plains afford,
What tender lady, or what treating lord?
At twilight hour what painted Floras rove;
Oh, where shall traveller taste the joys of love?
In what kind tavern shall he wear the night;
Where find a bagnio fit for Christian wight?
What beggar maid shall fire him with her charms;
Or what soft gypsie fill his longing arms?

L. 295.] It seems probable that Donna Teresa derived her idea of Limerick from some old book of travels, as this town is not at present remarkable for either *embattled walls*, or *foul cascades*.

The gypſie damſel tyrant *Houghton* claims, 310
And, envious caitiff! mars thy riſing flames.
The ſable cart—deteſted object—rolls,
And rumbles dire diſmay to vagrant ſouls:
The mutes around it ſtalk—a grieſly band—
The bloody halberd arms each iron hand.
All, all the ragged to their empire bend,
Old, young, blind, lame, the fatal cart aſcend.
Not ſhrieking infant for his youth he ſpares,
Not bearded grandſire for his ſilver hairs,
Not maiden coy, with rage and terror pale, 320
He dooms, he bears her to his proud ſerail.
E'en when the ballad-ſinger's note is loud,
And fears and wiſhes ſooth the melting croud,

L. 310.] Mr. Houghton, employed by the governors of the Houſe of Induſtry in regulating the police of that place, and aſſigning proper taſks to the paupers. The author was unavoidably led by his ſubject, to mention this gentleman, but without any deſign of reflecting ridicule, on the name of a very reſpectable citizen.

L. 321.] Houſe of Induſtry. Thus deſcribed by the late Alderman Faulkner—" Houſe of Induſtry, firſt contrived by " Mr. Ben. Houghton, Weaver, and ſeveral other worthy " Clergymen, for taking up cripples that lie in the ſtreets, " folks without legs that ſtand at the corners, and ſuch " like vagrants. We have the pleaſure to hear, that all the " ballad-ſingers, blind harpers, Hackball, and many other " nefarious old women, are in there already. My nephew " Todd, and I, ſubſcribe to it annually; and when I die, " I will leave it a legacy in my will."

When

When artless love, and love's disport, she sings,
Or heroes pendent in unworthy strings;
Sudden the cart—the fatal cart appears,——
The captive minstrel steeps her song in tears.
But, ah! my fears, my boding fears arise,
(Within the vagrant act my *Richard* lies)
Lest thou the cart's unenvied height shouldst gain,
And ride triumphant through the hooting train. 331
Once only skilled to feed the toad and asp,
Say, canst thou oakum pick, or logwood rasp?

But mightier fears distract thy *Pinna's* mind,
For mightier ills are yet unnam'd behind.
Such perils wait thee on the guilty shore,
As never damsel mourn'd, nor errant bore.
Where'er you tread, the snares of death surround;
Fierce is the duellist, the punk unsound.
Not *there*, to games and theatres confin'd, 340
*Bulls* rove at large, and butt at all mankind:
The meanest peasant keeps them in his cell;
They roar in churches, and in senates dwell;
Infest the gay Rotund, the neighb'ring grove,
The lawyer's pleading, and the soldier's love.
My timely warning treasure in thine ear,
And *Irish bulls*, my gallant stranger, fear.

L. 333.] The paupers in the House of Industry are often employed in these tasks.

And yet 'tis well—these fears, these dangers rise,
To drive thee back to love and genial skies.
May scorn on scorn, on laughter laughter fall, 350
And back to *Pinna* hunt her slighted thrall!
Where'er you go, may bursting titter sound,
The sneer, the whisper, and the gibe go round!
May females sly the luckless traveller smoke,
And wags malicious tip th' eternal joke!
May critic tribes thy still-born tome pursue,
Dissect it, tear it, in the next review!
Unlucky race! in wantonness of spite,
They grin, they scratch, they chatter, and they bite;
To hunt their nasty game, by hunger led, 360
They feed on vermin of an author's head:
Thus well-bred monkeys claw the peopled crowns
Of lazy loons in *Lusitanian* towns,
With keen dispatch devour the noxious brood,
And find at once both exercise and food—
And ne'er, my dear Cortejo and my friend,
Ne'er shall success thy *Irish* loves attend.
*Hibernian* dames, a bold and forward kind,
To bashful love and modest worth are blind.

L. 362. *Monkeys.*] Strolling one day about the streets of Lisbon, in search of new objects, I was witness to an uncommon scene, which was of two men sitting in the street, having each a large baboon on his shoulders, freeing his head from vermin, with which it swarmed. The baboons are very dexterous, and are the property of a man who gains his livelihood by thus employing them.

T. T. Vol. 1. p. 23.

Ill ſhall the timid awe, the bluſhing grace, 370
Suit the rough manners of the ſavage race.
Thy humble deference, thy reſpectful art,
Thy veil'd attentions ſtealing on the heart,
Mere cuſtard to that *oſtrich tribe* ſhall feel,
To civil braſs enur'd, and martial ſteel.

Come, *Richard*, come, forget *Hibernian* charms,
And cloſe thy wanderings in *Tereſa's* arms.
No critics here in coffee-houſes rage,
No claſſic females learned warfare wage;
But ball and bull-fight charm the courtly throng, 380
The midnight chorus, and the matin ſong.
Here tune thy fiddle, here refit thy bow,
And pitch thy printer to the fiends below.—
The ſwallow thus in pride of youthful blood,
Forſakes his antient tenement of mud;
From hill to hill, from plain to plain he roves,
And chirps his wiſhes to the neighbouring groves:
But when the rains deſcend, and whirlwinds roar,
Fond of the humble ſeat he ſcorn'd before, 389
He neſtles cloſe within, and quits its verge no more.

AN

# HEROIC ANSWER

FROM

RICHARD TWISS, Esq; F. R. S.

AT

ROTTERDAM,

TO

DONNA TERESA PINNA Ÿ RUIZ,

OF

MURCIA,

Urbem, quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
Stultus ego huic noſtræ ſimilem. VIRGIL.

He and his tooth-pick at my worſhip's meſs.
SHAKESPEARE.

AN

# HEROIC ANSWER

FROM

RICHARD TWISS, Esq. F.R.S.

AT

ROTTERDAM,

TO

DONNA TERESA PINNA Y RUIZ,

OF

MURCIA.

*Ubam, quam dicunt Hamum, Mollione, pinnæ*
*Exitus ego hac molior fundam.* Virgil.

He cast his teeth (bait) at my worship's nose.
Shakespeare.

AN

# HEROIC ANSWER,

FROM

## RICHARD TWISS, Esq; F.R.S.

FROM various perils of the land and main,
By *Venus* wafted to *Batavia's* plain,
Where kindly fens, and genial fogs surround,
His *Pinna's* lines her anxious lover found.
Not dearer tumults to my kindling heart
A fungus, toad, or tadpole could impart:
Not with more joy some virtuoso spies
The first embraces of two foreign flies,
Whose deeds of love his eager fancy feed
With smiling omens of a lasting breed. 10
Or marks how snails the wondrous gifts employ,
Alternate organs of a double joy.
Not with more joy, the new-born tome he greets,
Wet from the printer's hand, in virgin sheets.

Nor joy'd he more, when *Pringle* bade him claim,
The three learn'd letters, that attend his name.
Scarce to thy *Twiſs* more tranſport could it give
To lodge in cellars, or with pigs to live.

Thy melting ſtrains both pain and pleaſure move,
Pain for thine abſence, pleaſure for thy love. 20
I trac'd thy hand ev'n at a ſingle view,
Thy ſoul ſtill better in the purport knew.
Thy gentle lines I drank with eager haſte,
My lips purſu'd thee where thy fingers paſt;
My tears bedew'd the lines my kiſſes dry'd—
I ſung—I danc'd—I fiddle'd—and I ſigh'd—
Gods! can it be?—too full, too perfect bliſs!
Does then my *Pinna* ſtill remember *Twiſs*?
Is *Richard's* image to her fancy dear?
And *Richard's* name ſtill ſoothing to her ear? 30
Thus, ſome fair wall preſerves the ſhining trace,
Where ſnails have wander'd, with meand'ring pace.
Now, ſpend your malice, curſt *Hibernian* kind!
For *Richard* lives within *Tereſa's* mind.
Rail, write, and rage; I prize the ſordid cry
Leſs than the hummings of the ſmalleſt fly.

Yet let me own, appall'd I trod the ground,
Where dangers lour'd, and ſhames lay ſcatter'd round.

L. 33. *Hibernian kind.*] As to the natural hiſtory of the *Iriſh ſpecies*, &c.

Twiſs's Tour in Ireland.

A thouſand tongues from ſtage to ſtage purſu'd,
And freſh diſgrace th' unwearied gibe renew'd: 40
Thus down the chimney ſome poor ſparrow ſtrays,
And roams the parlour with a wild amaze;
Dogs, cats, and children, a malignant crew,
The hapleſs ſtranger round the room purſue.
Or ſome ſtrange cur, by chance or famine led,
Peers on the ſhambles, with devoted head;
Men, women, boys, and ev'n his kindred race,
With hideous din, the luckleſs vagrant chace.

Some demon ſure attends the youth, who roves
To bogs and horſe-ponds from the maid he loves. 50
Oh! I have much to tell, and thou to hear;
A tale of ſorrows that will rend thine ear.
Thy gentle ſpirit feels no vengeful flame;
Thou little know'ſt the curſt *Hibernian* dame;
What thirſt of vengeance fires an *Iriſh* maid,
What ready arts that thirſt of vengeance aid.
Heav'n arms its creatures for their proper ſtate
With various weapons of defence, or hate.
To ſerpents, teeth; to ſcorpions gave a tail;
To me, my printer, and my leaden flail; 60
*Hibernian* dames are train'd to cuff and kick,
And nature arm'd them,—for their legs are thick.

L. 5. *And nature arm'd them, for their legs are thick.*] As to the natural hiſtory of the Iriſh ſpecies, they are only remarkable for the thickneſs of their legs, eſpecially thoſe of the plebeian females.

T. T. 1.

The thirst of vengeance ev'ry breast inspires,
And bowls of whiskey feed their cruel fires.
*Lyæus* thus the *Theban* dames possest,
And goads and stings inflam'd the madding breast.
" Revenge! Revenge!" the dire *Agave* cry'd—
" Revenge! Revenge!" the vocal hills reply'd.
*Citheron's* summits heard the frantic shout,
And *Pentheus* trembled at the revel rout. 70
He scour'd, he fled before th' inhuman train,
In vain—his limbs bestrew'd th' impurpled plain.

From forging franks, each pert *Hibernian* Miss
Converts the quill, and has her fling at *Twiss*.
The desp'rate inkhorn arms uncounted throngs
With puns and posies, anecdotes and songs.
Revenge inspires them in *Apollo's* spite;
A *Twiss* provokes, and well, or ill, they write.
Defac'd alike, in portrait and lampoon,
Sketch'd out of shape, and libell'd out of tune; 80
Not *loves's disport* the strolling minstrel sings,
*Nor heroes pendent in unworthy strings*,
But *Twiss*;—at dawn the jarring strains I hear,
At close of day they wound my tortur'd ears,
Ev'n hoary prelates mitred ease forego,
The sapling wield, and lift the hostile foe.

L. 73. *From forging franks, &c.*] The third custom is that of forging franks, which is pretty universal; the ladies in particular use this privilege.

T. T. L.

*Bœotian* tribe, ill manner'd and uncouth,
To cramp the freedoms of a travell'd youth.—
What—shall a stranger be denied a kiss?
Oh what has decency to do with *Twiss?* 90

How shall the muse to thee, my fair! explain
The studied vengeance of the savage train?
What terms of art the secret shall declare!
Inform thy mind, and yet thy blushes spare!
Hast thou not seen a vase of antique mold,
Of *Parian* marble, or *Barbaric* gold,
Doom'd to enshrine some lovers cold remains,
Or pour libations at some mystic fanes?
Such are those utensils, ordain'd by fate,
The shameful engines of barbarian hate, 100
(Save that one handle, more for use than pride,
Shoots disproportion'd from the vessel's side)
For off'rings hallow'd, which my charmer made
With purer zeal amid the citron shade;
They grace the closet, by the couch they stand,
And, not infrequent, load the fairest hand.
Without, a foliage crowns the polish'd frames,
And burnish'd gold on flowers of purple flames;
Within, the potter plants thy *Richard's* face,
And bids him stare, in horrible grimace, 110
Thro' lakes of amber as the face appears,
The face repentant seems bedew'd with tears.
The list'ning figure (by the painter's skill)
Attunes its fiddle to the purling rill.

Sure had I trod the dire *Conatian* wild,
The blood of *Twifs* had ſavage hands defil'd:
But heav'n in viſion touch'd my trembling ear,
Some God inſpir'd me with a prudent fear.
A form, methought, half beaſt, half human ſtood,
And cry'd, "My ſon, I warn thee for thy good." 120
(A mighty ſtink-pot in his hand appear'd,
And aſs's ears were on his temples rear'd)
"Once, like thyſelf, I was a travell'd wight,
"To range my paſtime, and my trade to write.
"But ſoon, the victim of ill-manners, fell;
"A youth of *Galway* hurl'd me down to hell:
"Chang'd as thou ſee'ſt, to travel mountains ſent,
"What was my paſtime, is my puniſhment.
"If life is ſweet, the wilds of *Connaught* ſpare;
"Beware of all; of *Galway* moſt beware. 130
"Yet thirſt of railing, greater than thy fear,
"Will ſpeak, tho' vengeance threats the votive ear;
"Untir'd, intrepid, as the taylor's wife,
"Will deal invectives, tho' they coſt thy life.
"The furious taylor plung'd her in the tide,
"Her fingers tail'd, when accents were denied.

L. 115. *Sure had I trod the dire* Conatian *wild.*] Neither did I go into that quarter of Ireland called Connaught, which comprehends the counties of Mayo, Sligo, Leitrim, Roſcommon, and Galway, as I was aſſured that they were inhabited (eſpecially along the coaſt) by a kind of ſavages, and that there were neither roads for carriages, nor inns. Undoubtedly the chief towns of thoſe counties are more civilized.

T. T. I.

" In death unconquer'd, shew'd the darling vice,
" And seem'd to crack imaginary lice."

Not vainly was the warning fantom sent;
My backward course with timely fear I bent. 140
Yet still in dreams th' ideal terrours rise,
Stain all my cloaths, and seal my blacken'd eyes;
And oaken cudgels whistle in the wind,
And sharp-toed shoes assail me from behind.
Now *Pinna* seems to clasp me to her breast,
Now pats my cheeks, and whispers me to rest,
With sticking plaister heals her *Richard's* scars,
Disgraceful tokens of unequal wars,
Or seems the lenient flannel to prepare,
For love disdains not such a menial care, 150
Foments my head, still soft from weary blows,
And regions livid from eternal toes.

But say, what springs this persecution move?
The hate of woman, for neglected love.
Here droning pipes the tortur'd organs wound,
And yells funereal thro' the vales resound,
No lemon groves with harp and viol ring,
No maids and stripling tonadillas sing;
Their voice, their touch disgrace the soft guitar,
My catches mangle, my cantatas mar. 160
Let not thy bosom harbour jealous flames;
My steady scorn repuls'd the *Iernian* dames.

My love of thee, the love of music aids;
I spurn th' addresses of untuneful maids.
A thousand sonnets spoke the tender fear;
But, out of tune, no sonnet reach'd my ear.
Me more it charm'd with beggar-wench to stray,
In wanton dalliance, all a summer's day,
Thro' darksome lanes, that vie with *Tempe's* vales,
Where frequent dram-shop balmy cloud exhales,
And steaming whiskey trulls and butcher's boys regales; 171
Whiskey, that mantles in the sparkling glass,
And, blest *Nepenthe*, chears the northern lass.
I tun'd my fiddle with *Amphion's* arts,
To melt and harmonize barbarian hearts.
I would have taught the savage maids to move
In graceful dance, that paints the joys of love;
I would have taught them the guitar to string,
To troll the tonadil, the catch to sing;
But screams of discord all my senses wound, 180
And, rule disdaining, sharps and flats confound.
This guilty cause inflam'd the wives of *Thrace*
'Gainst thee, musician of celestial race!
To teach them catches hapless *Orpheus* strove;
They scorn'd his fiddle, but they sought his love.
A song he gave them, but a kiss deny'd;
So bard and fiddle down the *Hebrus* glide.

L. 176. Fandango, which, as Mr. Twiss says, *Est mêlée de certaines attitudes, qui offrent un tableau continuel de jouissance.*

Each moment bade ſome indecorum riſe,
Some beaſtly cuſtom ſhock'd my tortur'd eyes.
Heav'ns! how I tremble, chill'd with panic fear, 190
When water-glaſſes at the board appear!
How ſhall the hapleſs traveller ſcape undrown'd,
When direful females ſpout the table round!
Yes, *Pinna*, yes; conceive the foul diſgrace;
A mouthful oft was ſpurted in my face.
Thus, when a ſtorm has plough'd the watery way,
And whales, in fullneſs of their bellies, play;
A thouſand noſtrils ſeem to threat the ſky,
And lab'ring barks the ſpouting deluge fly.

Too well, my love, thou know'ſt the guilty ſhore,
And "*perils ſuch as never errant bore.*" 200
And ſay, what prize repay'd the toil and pains?
What joy ſeduc'd me to the fatal plains?
No ſpeaking picture crowns the lordly dome,
No breathing marble of old *Greece* or *Rome*;
No ſpreading towns the traveller's eye delight,
No ſtately villas burſt upon his ſight;

L. 191. *When water-glaſſes at the board appear.*] The filthy cuſtom of uſing water-glaſſes after meals is as common as in England: it may poſſibly be endeavoured to be excuſed, by pleading the natural unſociableneſs of the Britiſh, who if obliged to withdraw to waſh would ſeldom rejoin their company; but then it may be urged that no well-bred perſons touch their victuals with their fingers, and conſequently ſuch ablutions ought to be unneceſſary.

T. T. T.

Along the road, nor lord nor eſquire waits,
To tempt the traveller to his open gates:
Fled the laſt honour of the ſavage kind, 210
Their only boaſt, the hoſpitable mind.
Some, once invited, never aſk'd me more;
And ſome againſt me ſhut the niggard door;
Some whiſper'd while I play'd my fav'rite airs;
And ſome, more civil, ſhew'd me down their ſtairs.
But never will I mourn my toil and pains,
My weary wanderings on *Hibernian* plains,
Tho' drag'd thro' lakes, or into rivers hurl'd,
Since there I ſaw the wonder of the world.
A wond'rous trout exalts one favour'd lake; 220
And months and years I'd journey for its ſake.
Of fiſh they talk'd with gizzard like a bird:
I went, by doubtful, faint emotions, ſtir'd.
Heavens! have I caught it! rapture fires my mind!
Gods! Gods! the gizzard of the winged kind!
Here ſmack your horſe-whips, ler your cudgels fall,
*Hibernian* Squires! for this I'd ſcorn them all.
I gain'd the trout, the precious trophy bore,
Preſer'd in whiſkey, from the magic ſhore.
Haſte, haſte, ye ſages! ye whom nature fires! 230
Gaze on my fiſh, and ſatiate your deſires!

L. 220 *A wond'rous trout exalts one favour'd lake.*] A ſpecious of trout, called gilderoy, are caught here, and alſo in the neighbouring lake, with a gizzard reſembling that of fowls. I have nothing more to ſay about this river, except that *en paſſant* I took a dip in it.

T. T. I.

In vain his brethern ſeek, a curious train,
The darling treaſure from thy *Twiſs* to gain;
For when, my *Pinna*, *Murcia's* bowers I ſee,
Both trout and gizzard ſhall be fry'd for thee.
For thee, my fair, in ſilken bands I hold
A cat, more precious than a cat of gold.
Of living topaz, are his burniſh'd eyes,
Male tho' he be, he boaſts four mingled dies.
On jetty black, is orange tawny ſpread, 240
And ſober grey combines with ſprightly red.
Black is one paw, and black his poliſh'd ears,
And ſable rings around his tail he bears.
On plains remote from trace of human wight,
A wayward ſiſter fam'd for ſecond ſight,
Nurſt him a kitten, in her wither'd breaſt,
And night and morn, the ſecret teat he preſt.
On witches' milk, the wond'rous creature grew;
Some bleſſed chance my roving footſteps drew;
I ſaw, deſir'd, and ſtole him while ſhe ſlept; 250
And long for *Pinna* has the prize been kept.
The firſt ſafe hand ſhall bear, to *Murcia's* dame,
The purring envoy of her *Richard's* flame,
Thro' *Erin's* vales a wond'rous river flows,
To ſolid braſs it turns the human brows;
If druid ſpells, in planetary hour,
Or *Patrick's* bleſſing gave the magic pow'r,
Or ſeeds metallic in the waves remain;
The cauſe is doubtful, but th' effect is plain.
Illuſtrious *Shannon*, cure of vulgar ſhame, 260
In ev'ry clime, thy children ſpeak thy fame;

Dauntless I plung'd, thy vast abyss to sound,
And in my forehead, double bronze I found.

Well might an artist travel from afar,
To view the structure of a low-back'd car.
A downy mattress on the car is laid.
The rev'rend father mounts, and tender maid.
Some back to back, some side by side are plac'd,
The ravish'd maid by panting youth embrac'd.
By dozens thus, full many a Sunday morn, 270
With dangling legs the jovial croud is borne;
*Clontarf* they seek, or *Howth's* aspiring brow,
Or *Leixlip*, smiling on the stream below.
When ease and cheapness would thy *Twiss* engage,
Cars he prefer'd to noddies or to stage.
Oft on a car, *Buvindus* saw me ride
From *Tredagh's* towers along his verdant side,

L. 265. *To view the structure of a low-back'd car.*] Goods are conveyed about the city on small two-wheeled cars drawn by a single horse; the wheels are thin round blocks, each about twenty inches in diameter. The wheels of those cars which are used in the country, are placed at a greater distance from each other than those of the city cars. They are frequently used as vehicles for the common people, on their parties of pleasure; a bed, or a mat, is at such times placed on the car, and half a dozen people sit on it, with their legs hanging a few inches from the ground; they are generally dragged a foot-pace. T. T. I.

L. 276. *Buvindus.*] The river Boyne.——Mr. Twiss went on a low-backed car to see the spot where king William croft the water.

Like antient heroes, in triumphal ſtate,
—A female charioteer before me ſate;
High in a churn, thy *Richard* ſtood enthron'd, 280
Beneath his weight, the ſcreaming axle groan'd.

Wonders like theſe, of nature and of art,
Midſt all his ſuff'rings chear'd thy *Richard's* heart;
And ſocial comforts lent their genial rays,
When ſome kind *Buſo* gave his port and praiſe.

But why, my *Pinna*, kill me with thy tears,
Thy cauſeleſs ſorrows, and thy idle fears?
Wrong not, my fair, thy lover and thy ſelf!
What!—*Twiſs* deſert the *Murcian* maid for pelf!
Yet ſay, that gold could win thy *Richard's* charms,
Or grandeur lure him from thy conſtant arms: 291
Fear not a rival on th' *Hibernian* plain;
I ſcorn its damſels, a penurious train.

L. 293. *I ſcorn its damſels, a penurious train.*] The Iriſh ladies are extremely well educated, as they have little beſides their beauty and merit to recommend them for wives, their fortune in general being inconſiderable. Men of affluent fortune, who have conſequently no need of being mercenary in their choice, may find happineſs in an union with theſe ladies, provided they can convince themſelves that they are diſintereſtedly accepted. But, on the other hand, this polite education prevents many ladies from being ſuitably married; for men of moderate fortunes cannot afford to maintain them in the ſtyle in which they were bred or *reared*, often greatly ſuperior to their ſtation.

T. T. I.

Scarce by their portions are their gowns ſupply'd,
And all their little wealth is dreſs and pride.
No *Cupid* there his arrows tips with gold,
Nor *Plutus* knits the bands that lovers hold.
No wary ſouls in bonds of *Ind* are caught,
No little loves arithmetic are taught;
But home-bred virtue lurks with idle ſtealth, 300
And boaſts in honour what it wants in wealth.

Ceaſe, fond upbraider! ceaſe the melting ſigh;
For, big with joy, the teeming moments fly:
Not long ſhall fate disjoin our plighted hands,
Or hold thy *Twiſs* from love's delicious bands.
One only wandering for the youth remains:
Then *Venus* wafts him to th' *Iberian* plains.
Now fair occaſion courts his ſwelling ſails,
To fiſh on *Greenland's* happy ſhore for whales;
To ſtrike th' harpoon, uncoil the kindling line, 310
To boil the blubber, and the fat refine;
To roam with bears on drifted ice that live,
'Till gentle converſe full refinement give;
'Till meet aſſociates happy nature aid,
And make him perfect for the *Murcian* maid.
Thus the gay moth, by ſun and vernal gales,
Call'd forth, to wander o'er th' enamell'd vales,

L. 299. *No little loves arithmetic are taught.*] There is a celebrated picture by Corregio on this ſubject.

From flow'r to flow'r, from ſweet to ſweet, will ſtray;
'Tll tir'd and ſatiate, with his food and play,
In ſome ſov'd chink, he builds the peaceful neſt, 320
In ſome dear cranny, lays him down to reſt;
There folds his wings, that erſt ſo widely bore,
Becomes a houſhold nymph, and ſeeks to range no more.

AN

# HEROIC EPISTLE

FROM

## MR. MANLY,

AUTHOR OF THE FAMOUS GOLD-COLOURED METAL,

QUITTING BUSINESS IN DUBLIN, AND GOING TO RESIDE IN LONDON,

TO

## MR. PINCHBECK,

NOW IN LONDON.

Exegi Monumentum Ære perennius.

# AN

# HEROIC EPISTLE, &c.

PINCHBECK, to thee these warning lines I
send;
And in the rival prove myself the friend.
Blest in thy master, in thy metal grac'd,
Caress'd at court, and near a monarch plac'd,—
How soon, alas! terrestrial blessings end!
Even in perfection to decay they tend;
Behold the fatal crisis of thy fame:
Ev'n now the gods are lab'ring for thy shame.
These lines declare thy glories are no more.—
A mighty rival from th' *Hibernian* shore, * 10

* *A Grand Sale by Auction.*

To commence on Thursday, the 7th of May,

And continue until all are Sold,

THE entire stock in trade of JAMES MANLY, jeweller, Dame-street, *Dublin*, who is going to settle in *London*.—— There is a general assortment of *sound* and fashionable goods,

to

A mighty rival ſhall confound thy pride,
And ſeize thine empire, or at leaſt divide.
Soon ſhall thy paltry metal ceaſe to ſhine;
And bluſh (if braſs can bluſh) compar'd to mine:

to the amount of ſome thouſand pounds:——It conſiſts of many hundred ounces of faſhionable plate, plated candleſticks, diſh-rings, ſalvers, goblets, egg-cups, ink-ſtands, &c. &c. gold ſeals and rings; pearl pins and clumps; ſet pins, ſhoe, knee and ſtock buckles; gold hoops, broaches, lockets, &c. &c. ſteel and metal men and womens watch chains, and elegant trinkets of all ſorts; ſome ſilver and metal watches; new faſhioned ſilver, pinchbeck, ſteel, black, ſanguine, and plated ſhoe and knee buckles; ſilver, metal, ivory, bone, and wood hafted table knives and forks: pen-knives, ſciſſars, razors, japanned tea-trays, waiters, baſkets, &c. &c. guns and piſtols; walking canes and ſticks; a large quantity of *Iriſh mounted oaks*; plated bits, ſpurs, boot and bridle buckles; horn, box, and ivory combs and bruſhes; tambour, Morocco leather, and Liverpool pocket-books; beſt enamelled, London gilt, plated, and beſt livery buttons, yellow and white metal—gentlemen would do well to attend the ſale of theſe *buttons*; it is well-known they are the beſt ever imported into this kingdom. Alſo, ſome ſets of fine *fancy and club buttons* metal and ſilver; a few ſets of the fineſt finiſhed metal ſhoe, knee, and ſtock-buckles, ever ſeen in this kingdom: with many hundreds of articles too numerous to inſert.

The morning ſale will commence at eleven, and the evening at ſix o'clock. The room is elegantly lighted, and there are *ſeats for the ladies*, to whom all poſſible attention will be paid. —As there is *generally* a polite company, they may be aſſured of being treated with every mark of reſpect.

As ſoon as the ſtock in trade is diſpoſed of, the houſhold furniture, and intereſt in the leaſe of his houſe, will alſo be ſold, if not diſpoſed of by private contract. For further particulars, apply to ſaid MANLY, who will ſhew and treat

for

Its tinkling vile the royal ears ſhall wound;
But mine regale them with a ſilver ſound.
Then ſhalt thou hide thine abject head for fear,
And *Britain's* monarch *Manly's* metal wear;
That metal precious as in days of old,
The braſs of *Corinth*, and barbaric gold. 20
Yet why from thee the honeſt truth diſguiſe?
'Tis real gold; thou may'ſt believe thine eyes.'
I ſunk its worth, to ſhun a conjurer's fame,
And ſold my metal by an humbler name.
I knew that av'rice with inſatiate rage
Purſu'd of old the *Roſycrucian* ſage;
How chains were heap'd, and racks were ſtretch'd in vain,
To wring their ſecret from the myſtic train.—
What gold I made, was, therefore, ſold by ſtealth;
Leſt, haply, men ſhould kill me for my wealth. 30
The ſecret, long within my boſom nurſt,
Is grown ſo vaſt, I now muſt ſpeak or burſt.

for the ſame, with all the ſhop glaſs-caſes, and fixtures—and as it is *incumbent on him to ſettle with his creditors*, he requests all who are indebted to him will diſcharge their accounts.

N. B. Such of the debts as are not diſcharged before the cloſe of his ſale, will be poſitively *ſold by auction*—Printed catalogues will be given two days before they are put up, ſpecifying the *parties names, places of abode*, and *ſums due*: They will be all proved, without any expence to the purchaſer.

Hear me the great and wond'rous truth impart,—
That *Manly* has reviv'd the long-loſt art,
So wiſh'd, ſo ſought by alchymiſt of old;
The mighty ſecret of creating gold:
And, ſhould a war the public coffers drain,
My ready aid ſhall make them full again.

Come, *Pinchy!* come, all workman as thou art,
Oppoſe thyſelf, diſpute a monarch's heart; 40
Thy ſhallow pride, thou vain aſpirer! raiſe,
And plume thy little worth with borrow'd praiſe:
Thy ſnuffers vaunt, and bid thy buttons ſhine:
But, were th' inventions? ſhall the praiſe be thine?
We know from whence thy beſt productions came.
Enjoy the profit; but reſign the fame.

By works imputed *Manly* ne'er was known;
But genuine wreaths, and glories all his own.
Go, ſee and feel the canes his hands has wrought:
'Twas heaven itſelf inſpir'd the godlike thought; 50
That all mankind according canes might find,
And ev'ry ſtaff beſpeak its owner's mind.
Leſt pond'rous clubs ſhould load the tender hand,
My care ſupply'd the *Macaroni* band
With ſticks well ſuited to ſuch dapper elves,
As light, as frail, and ſlender as themſelves;

L. 43. *Thy ſnuffers vaunt.*] The greateſt merit this gentleman's ſnuffers poſſeſs, is that they require *both hands*.

With tassel grac'd, as they with bunch of hair,
The taper canes the wearer's form declare:
For rev'rend seniors, wealthy, grave and old,
Substantial canes I made, with heads of gold: 60
Then, for divines, of apostolic look,
A staff of eb'ny with an ivory crook:
But, for the youth, whose vast aspiring soul
Designs the capture of some watchman's pole,
Whose nightly prowess lamps and windows own,
And path with broken heads and glass bestrown,
I trimm'd the sapling from *Hibernian* woods,
And arm'd the pulsant hands of youthful bloods:
Some quaint device the brazen head express,
Some sentence apt, to fire th' ambitious breast. 70
Alas! with tears, of sapplings I indite,
And fearful agues shake me while I write.
The first I made was shatter'd on my skull:
(*Perillus* handsell'd thus his brazen bull.)
'Twas by a drunken tar; "Come on, my boy,"
He said, "the labour of thy hand enjoy"—

But, why th' excursive strain? return we then:
Too long has *Manly* dwelt with little men.
Thou, tho' my rival, fear not for thy life;
For *Manly* dares thee to no martial strife. 80

L. 70. *Some sentences apt, &c.*] Clubs with mottos; as, *Who's afraid?—Who dare sneeze?—The Devil a better.*

Come, *Pincby!* come; for what haſt thou to dread?
Should piſtols load the hand that toils for bread?
Ev'n *Alley's* ſelf the blood-ſtain'd combat flies;
He makes the piſtol; but he never tries.
No garden doors with fatal aim I ſpoil;
My houſe reſounds not with the fencer's toil.
Such are the cruel ſtudies of the land:
But, *Pincby*, do they ſuit an artiſt's hand?
No:—be it his, with ſoft beſeeching art,
To ſhew his wares, and charm the virgin's heart. 90
Let bankrupt ſenators with ſcriv'ners fight;
And prieſts and ſtateſmen vaunt their warlike might.
Lo, *Manly* calls; but not to deathful fields;
And tools of art, not vengeful ſword, he wields.
Come, *Pincby*, come, th' eventful trial dare:
Thy choiceſt metal and thy tools prepare.
Come, let us work before the royal eyes;
And rank at court ſhall be the victor's prize.
Be witneſs, heav'n, if *Manly* ſhuns the ſtrife.—
I'll make a button with thee for thy life, 100
And drive thee forth, amidſt the hooting train,
To mend old kettles in ſome dirty lane.
Thine ear, thou caitiff button-maker! lend;
For *Manly*, truſt me, warns thee as a friend.
Deſtroy thy tools, and ſell thy ſtock in trade;
Shut up thy ſhop, and ſee thy debts be paid.
Paſs ſome few months, in *London* I ſhall dwell;
And thou,—not ev'n a thimble ſhalt thou ſell.

How oft, at ſales of hardware have I ſaid, 109
" Curſe on all toys, but thoſe which *Manly* made:
" His, light as air, and bright as ſummer ſkies,
" The pockets load not, while they feaſt our eyes.
" Let city honours wait a brazier's name,
" Strong be his work, and pond'rous be his fame:
" Before true hardware all ſuch views remove.
" Are ſtrength and thickneſs what in toys we love?
" Should at my feet the may'r of *Dublin* fall.
" Himſelf, his mace, his chain, I'd ſcorn them all;
" Not *Dublin*'s ſheriff would I deign to be:
" No, no—a place at *Britain's* court for me. 120
" Is there a place where hardware is more dear
" Than *Britain's* court, be *Manly* planted there."

Perhaps, had due diſtinction crown'd my toil,
I ne'er had wiſh'd to leave this little iſle;
I ſtill had bleſs'd it with my golden ore,
And buttons ſuch as men ſhall ſee no more.
In vain *Hibernians* toil, a luckleſs band,
Like ſeers, unhonour'd in their native land.
Here ſcarce a homeſpun methodiſt is fed;
And not a quack muſt hope for daily bread. 130
They ſtarve and pine beneath our leaden ſky;
Take their own noſtrums, in deſpair, and die:
Or elſe, to *Britain*, nurſe of quacks, they run,
To ſeek a gen'rous race, and genial ſun;

L. 128. *Like ſeers.*] It is ſaid in ſcripture; a prophet has no honour in his own country.

There, hatch'd mature, the ſoft'ring radiance own,
And flit on paper wings thro' many a town.

In vain our land her brawny ſons may boaſt,
The gaze and wonder of a *Britiſh* toaſt;
The manly ſtrength, by ſinewy legs expreſt, 139
The breadth of ſhoulder, and the ſwelling cheſt.
Few *Clodias* ſhine amidſt the titled band;
And ſhe, even ſhe, gives with a ſparing hand:
For, fond of pleaſure, fonder ſtill of gain,
Her ſcanty aids penurious life ſuſtain.
No,—'tis to *England* merit muſt reſort;
And with our beef our ſtriplings we export:
There many a relict ſhall their talents own;
And many an heireſs ſhall their labours crown.
Thus, cabbage barely grows where ſeed is ſhed;
But thrives, tranſplanted to a foreign bed. 150

One ſole exception to the truth is found,
That *Iriſh* merit ſtarves on *Iriſh* ground.
Thou, *Kitty!* thou, to controvert this truth,
Long may'ſt thou ſhine, and raviſh ev'ry youth:
May *Hudſon's* hand thy failing tooth repair?
And friendly *Sparks* preſerve thy flowing hair.
Like *Ninon*, may'ſt thou boaſt unfading charms,
And take, at ninety, lovers to thine arms.
Thus double gifts ſhall ev'ry heart engage,
Of youth the graces, and the ſkill of age. 160
Here might'ſt thou read,—had *Kitty* learn'd to read,
The grateful tribute to thy fame decreed,

I gave thee toys, thy board was deck'd by me;
Nor asked I gold,—three kisses were my fee.
*Kitty!* for thee the *Paphian* queen ordains
A kindly interchange of love and gains.
Thou dost not drive, like me, a losing trade;
Too happy fair! thou art before hand paid.

Ah! wretched I!—my soft relenting heart!
Why with my goods on shallow credit part? 170
My golden hopes as court, so weak, so fond;—
All quench'd and cold, as iron in a pond;
For ever lost, like love of honey-moon,
A courtier's promise, or an old lampoon;
No grateful meed on Irish plains I find,
No brass is valued, but the brass of mind.
Here, notes protested ever flit around;
And parting groans of bankrupt wretches sound.
Ah, sottish race! ungrateful, and unjust;
I gave them gold as plenteous as the dust: 180
I gave them trinkets, bracelets, seals and rings,
And buttons, too, that seem'd the toil of kings.
Ah! what avails? since ev'ry vulgar ass,
Who blunders wretched daubs in filthy brass,
And scarcely knows a hammer from a file,
May sooner hope to gain the viceroy's smile.
His smile facetious, dealt with so much glee,
On all the croud, is ne'er indulg'd to me.
Ah, fool! I hop'd to palate *H-r-n's* wine?
To joke with *B—k—m*, and sometimes dine, 190

When chance the table yielded wholesome food,
Nor fasts were ordered for the public good;
Then, with a peerage or a title grac'd,
To shine at court, in my own metal lac'd.

Ah, foolish race! ye little knew that heav'n
So great a blessing had in *Manly* given.
To common braziers left, ungrateful band!
Soon shall ye miss the wonders of my hand.
Heav'n first gave hardware for some wretch's aid,
Some pining lover, or desponding maid. 200
It pleads, it speaks, confesses am'rous fire,
Adorns the person, kindles fond desire;
On ass's skin it pours out all the heart;
Can shape to eyebrows, grace to nails impart;
When romps are ended, recomposes hair,
And wards suspicions from the yielding fair.
Whatever sages teach, or poets sing,
Most arts of pleasing do from hardware spring.
What, shining tresses? iv'ry tooth bestows? 209
But comb, or tooth-pick,—that from hardware flows.
Whence does the penknife speak the lover's flame?
And every tree confess his idol's name?
Whence does the poet on the window write,
And set his mistress in the fairest light?
Or, whence the smelling-bottle yield its aid,
In throng'd assemblies to the fainting maid?
Whence are the thousand nameless toys, that teach
The charming manual expletives of speech?

The fan, all-eloquent in female hand;
The ſnuff-box, dear when talk is at a ſtand; 220
And, for a plaything, while the youth reveals
His tender wiſh, the watch with jingling ſeals.
Who bids a ray from ſpangled buttons dart,
And kindle tumults in the virgin's heart?
Who cuts the poliſh'd ſteel? or lays the foil?
Theſe, am'rous youth! all theſe are *Manly*'s toil.
Wherever reas'ning creatures riſe to birth,
See hardware valued o'er the peopled earth;
A means of pleaſing, ſtudied by the wiſe,
Lov'd by the fool, as grateful to the eyes, 230
The naked *Indian* ſpeaks it's worth, who dwells
With innate rapture on his beads and bells.

Hail, uſeful trade! too little underſtood:
A ſkilful hardware-man's a public good.
*Hibernians*, bleſt! could ye that bleſſing feel,
With ſuch a workman both for braſs and ſteel:
Too late, too late, ye ſhall my loſs deplore;
Too late, too late, regret my golden ore;
And ſue with bended knees to keep me on your ſhore.
Long as the ſummer to ſome hungry bard, 240
Whoſe piece, 'till winter, managers retard;
Long as the night that haraſs'd bridegrooms prove,
Who meet for gold ſome hoary relict's love;

L. 235. *Hibernians bleſt, &c.*] *O fortunatos nimium, &c.*
VIRGIL.

Long as the time to youthful sparks, that lie
Hid in some closet from a husband's eye;
Long as to bedded brides the moments flow,
While jovial souls detain their grooms below;
So long to me the weary moments roll,
That from *St. James's* hold th' aspiring soul.
There fair ambition spreads her stately charms; 250
And there a *Cæsar* courts me to his arms.
O'er *England's* treasure *Manly* shall preside;
Controul her coinage, her finances guide:
No more shall fleets be mann'd with flesh and blood,
His *Dedal* hand shall fashion men of wood;
On active springs shall ev'ry figure run,
The musket shoulder, or bestride the gun.

Ye winds, arise, to fill the swelling sails!
To *England* bear me, ye propitious gales!
There I—But, ah! What cares distract my mind! 260
How can I fly, and leave my debts behind?
Ambition calls me there; here, debts are due;—
Which to forsake, ye gods! or which pursue?
Ill fare his spirit! scatter'd be his dust!
Who first took honest tradesman's goods on trust:
Ye vengeful demons! lash his guilty shade,
For all the wretches bankruptcy hath made.

L. 244. *Long as*] *Ut nox longa quibus mentitur amica, &c.*
HORACE.

To *Jews* more welcome are a herd of swine,
Than ticking customers to shop of mine:
More welcome catcalls to an author's ears, 270
A war proclaim'd to coward captain's fears;
Or to some mimic, one of churlish race,
Who takes not rail'ry with a patient grace.

Bear me, some god, with all my stock away!
Where ev'ry chap shall ready money pay;
No trust be given, no goods on credit sold,
No books be kept, but drive a trade of gold.
Such was the trade, while yet the world was young;
And such the *Golden Age* by poets sung:
No ladies flaunted in unpaid for state; 280
No starving tradesmen linger'd at the gate;
*Arcadian* merchants ne'er were known to fail,
Nor clam'rous duns were heard in *Tempe's* vale.
Or *Peneus'* flow'ry bank no bailiffs rov'd,
No pris'ners then were known, but youths that lov'd.
The *Silver Age* saw credit first 'mongst men,
And merchants' debts were first compounded then;
Yet debts, ev'n then, were often paid thro' shame,
And men would blush to bear a bankrupt's name.
The *Brazen Age* display'd a bolder race 290
Who fear'd not goals, and thriv'd on acts of grace:

L. 286. *The Silver Age, &c.*] *Primus viderunt argentea secula Mæchos, &c.*

JUVENAL.

Then princely fortunes were by bankrupts made,
And patient toils were ſcorn'd, and honeſt trade.
Theſe iron days, a ſteely offſpring yield;
To pay their debts, they dare you to the field.
From brazen fathers ſpring the harden'd ſons,
Who beat their creditors, and kill their duns.
Oh, had I liv'd among the ſhepherd bands!
Where bright *Pactolus* rolls his golden ſands.
There had I plac'd my forge, there moulded toys;
And work'd for honeſt maids and village boys. 301

Sure heav'n inſpires!—a quaint device I've found:
Go, boy, and ſummon ſtraight th' attornies round.
I'll ſell my debts;—an auction I decree,
Who loves a law-ſuit, let him buy from me.
What! not a bidder from the ſwarming fry!
Not ev'n a law-ſuit tempts you then to buy.
Hark! *England* ſummons;—I obey the call:
Take, take my debts, my creditors, and all.

All eyes to charm and raviſh ev'ry heart, 310
Behold I bear two wonders of my art:
A preſent for thy friend and maſter's hand,
I feed a flea, unconſcious of command,
He plays and bounds upon a lady's breaſt,
Which never lips but his and *Manly's* preſt.
But ſoon, alas! his halcyon days ſhall end;
A golden yoke his reſtive neck ſhall bend,

With golden chains to car of iv'ry tied,
Slow ſhall he hop, and drag his puniſhment and pride.
To ſhew my ſkill, the mulcibers prepare 320
A bright donation for the travell'd fair,
Who thron'd, 'midſt belles and beaus at *Eaſton* ſits
The nodding queen of ſleepy water wits.
A vaſe to *M-ll-r* ſacred and the nine,
The metal precious, but the work divine,
There grav'd, once more her ſuppers feaſt our eyes
(The trap doors open, and the tables riſe)
With *Phœbus* ſtanding on his head pourtray'd,
And muſes dreaming in the poppy ſhade.—
But I am ſummon'd; lo the attending croud— 330
The ſale begins, th' hammer ſounds aloud.
Hear it not, *Pinchy!* for it is thy knell,
To kings and courts it rings thy long farewell.

# SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SEVEN:

OR, A

# PICTURE

OF THE

# MANNERS AND CHARACTER

OF

# THE AGE.

IN A

## POETICAL EPISTLE

FROM

## A LADY OF QUALITY IN ENGLAND,

TO

## OMIAH, AT OTAHEITE.

*Corrumpere & corrumpi* ſæculum *vocatur.*

TACITUS.

—— Shoot folly as it flies
And catch the manners living as they riſe. POPE.

# AN EPISTLE FROM A LADY OF QUALITY IN ENGLAND, TO OMIAH, AT OTAHEITE.

IF yet thy land preſerves *Opano's* name,
And *Oberea* pines with am'rous flame;
If yet untouch'd the ſacred bread-tree grows,
Which ſaw their tranſports, and retains their vows;
If joys remember'd rapture can impart,
And *London* lives within *Omiah's* heart;
Dear ſhall this greeting from thy *Britain* prove,
And dear theſe wiſhes of eternal love.

Ev'n in thy native iſle of ſport and dance,
Where pining *Venus* mourns the gifts of *France*;
Let theſe fond lines thy pleaſures paſt recall, 11
*Cornelys'* maſque, and ſuppers at *Vauxhall*;

The gentle frolics, and the playful hours
Of *Mitchel's* fanes, and *Windsor's* blissful bow'rs,
Where bright Eleves of *Charlotte's* mystic school
Entrance by method, and caress by rule;
And last—the joys that RUFO's cares beguile,
His hymns, his catches, and his *Clara's* smile.
Oh true to pleasure, still may *Rufo* prove
The mingled charms of music and of love! 20
Nor cruel passies stop the judging ear,
Nor envious age the myrtle garland tear!
For *British* navies own his forming hand,
And, lur'd by him—*Omiah* blest the land.
His gentle mind with polish'd arts he stor'd,
And stews, and palace, with his guest explor'd,
And say, *Omiah!* does thy heart complain
Of fates, which call'd thee to the *British* plain?
Canst thou forget what charms thy wishes crown'd?
What novel joys in known delights were found? 30
When stucco'd locks ambrosial mists exhale,
What clouds of fragrance hov'ring loves regale!
The southern maids such piquant sauces spare.
And poorly give you, naked nature's fare:
Ah, diff'rent fare, by dames of *Britain* dreft!
'Tis from their hautgout, banquets take their zest.

This beauteous portrait of our isle behold,
Its joys, its licence, luxuries, and gold.
Needless to thee, for well thy soul is staught,
With *British* vice, or vainly *Rufo* taught; 40

But dubious faith awaits the travell'd tongue;
To give conviction to thy native throng,
These faithful lines shall tell the wond'ring train,
What honours court them to the *British* plain.
Oh, may the picture tempt the youths to rove,
And bring their pleasures, and their arts of love!
Let sooty throngs the cream-fac'd courtier shame,
And southern lovers glad the curious dame,
(Whose wide experience has already run
Thro' ev'ry climate under *Arctic* sun) 50
With all their sun-beams boiling thro' the blood,
Th' instinctive rage, the passions of the wood.

Oh, form'd for pleasure, and as kind as fair!
What maids on earth with *British* dames compare!
By *Stanhope* train'd, to pare their nails, and dance,
And school'd in novels of luxurious *France*:
Each potent tome, that genial heat contains,
And subtle venom tingling thro' the veins,
Such glowing breath, as painting *Venus* sigh'd,
When *Mars* enraptur'd on her bosom died. 60
Thence tender virgins catch the glorious rage,
The matron longings of experienc'd age:
Thence, taught the theory, to combat move,
Already disciplin'd for feats of love.
Waft, kind translators, waft from *Gallia's* shore
Immortal pages fraught with am'rous lore!
To lending libraries the tome shall haste,
And many a virgin's midnight taper waste.

While private friend to demi-rep is dear,
And careful parents tall *Hibernian* fear ; 70
While cits the *'Change*, while *Floras* love the *Strand*,
Courtiers a place, and monarchs to command ;
On ev'ry toilet ſhall the volume lie,
And lend new ſparkles to the brighteſt eye ;
Inſtruct the thoughtleſs, and the ſage inflame,
And quell the poor remains of vulgar ſhame ;
While mounting blood, and working fancy league,
To ſpare the ſick'ning labour of intrigue,
And new-born fires the ſoul of ſoul explore,
Throb in the heart, and thrill in ev'ry pore. 80

Let common *Venus* rule with proud command,
One wide ſeraglio be the bliſsful land.
Shall vile reſerves the bounteous heart reſtrain ?
Shall pow'rs of pleaſing be conferr'd in vain ?
Deſpiſe the curbs that petty ſpirits awe,
And ſtride, ye fair ones, o'er the bounds of law ;
As broad and gen'ral as the caſing air,
Let glorious licence mark the *Britiſh* fair.
Domeſtic rigours wing their parting way,
The parent's mandate, and the huſband's ſway : 90
Domeſtic virtues (ſervile band) are fled,
And modeſt fear, and female honour dead.
The mild decorums, ev'n to lovers dear,
The virtuous ſorrow, and the graceful tear,
Unſpotted truth, in orient bluſhes died,
And fair ſincerity, and decent pride,

And virgin innocence, in snowy stole,
Whose heav'nly magic charm'd the rudest soul,
Entam'd the fiercest of the forest kind,
And (still more mighty) man's unhallow'd mind; 100
Parental fondness, with a chaste embrace,
Enraptur'd bending o'er a smiling race;
With filial piety, whose duteous cares
Can youthful gladness lend to hoary hairs;
Connubial faith, that never knew disguise;
And sweet affection, with her dove-like eyes;
The sacred fires, which gods and men approve,
Which raise, and dignify the soul by love.

All these, of old, the *British* dame adorn'd,
Who lov'd her husband, nor her household scorn'd;
But now the tribe are vanish'd in despair, 111
Sublimer graces deck the modern fair.
*Arcadian* love (a puling boy) is flown,
More potent ANTEROS has fill'd the throne:
Thus sea-coal fires a genial ray supply,
When *Sol* and summer leave the weeping sky.
A duteous train, attendant at his side,
See, want of shame exalted into pride;
The gnomes, the demons, and infernal pow'rs,
That dwell where *Hymen* chains the moping hours,
Where breasts united sever'd spirits hold, 121
And mutual hatred curses lust of gold;
The sportive elves, that tend th' experienc'd dame,
Who lives to love, and burns to quench her flame;

The menial friend (*a*), that balms domestic strife,
The yielding mistress, and commanding wife;
The thirst of pleasure, which enjoyment brings;
Th' heroic flame (*b*), that hastes to middle things;
Th' unseemly wish, the petulant desire,
The matron's wand'rings, and the widow's fire; 130
Dishonour, in transparent gauzes drest,
With wanton action, and disorder'd breast;
The satyr impudence, expos'd and bare;
Despair of honour; honour in despair; (*c*)
The graceful anger, and the fine-wrought wile;
The pregnant whisper, and instructive smile;
The happy boldness, and the deep disguise;
Preventive chidings, and unstudied lies;
Profusion wild, that casts (a hood-wink'd dame)
Her purse to sharpers, and to fools her fame. 140
Here *Circe's* train, and routs of *Comus* dwell,
And tipsey revel hears the midnight bell,
In secret orgies of the witching hour,
When zealous cot'ries deep libations pour;
But lest intrusion should the rights profane,
A *licens'd Clodius* joins the pious train.

(*a*) "He is an humble menial friend, such as reconciles "the differences of the marriage-bed." WYCHERLY.

(*b*) Semper ac eventum festinat, et in *medias* res
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit. HOR.

(*c*) Disdain for passion—Passion in despair.
PARNEL, Goldsmith's edit. p. 14.

In naked strength the vig'rous passions stand,
The foibles hover round, a childish band,
With silken wings, that glance a thousand dyes,
Chamelion-change in spots of butterflies. 150

Such charms as these our modern females dress,
And give the talents with the will to bless;
Talents, not poorly buried in the grave,
But nobly lavish'd while their lovers crave.
These, join'd with Plutus, bow'rs of bliss prepare
For all who greatly spend, and bravely dare;
The giddy brain with sweet delirium fill,
Leap in the heart, and in the spirits thrill.
No cold reserves the genial heat destroy,
Or strew with thorns the beaten path of joy. 160
Like thistle down, that, borne with ev'ry blast,
At random floats, and sticks where'er 'tis cast;
The maiden's wish o'er all the species roves,
'Tis not her lover, but a man she loves.
Plum'd for occasion, flutt'ring with desires,
She flies to sate the passion she inspires.
Hers, are the freedoms of the midnight dance,
The squeeze, the whisper, and the meaning glance;
Hers, sweet contorsions, playful kitten arts,
The cobweb springes for unwary hearts, 170
The studied chance where secret charms appear,
Alluring languors, and enticing leer.

Nor useless she, the dame, that fond and old,
Is doom'd to buy the cordial drop with gold,

Whoſe early days in ſoft intrigues were paſt,
Whoſe nobler frolics dignify her laſt.
Fled are the dimpled ſmiles, the youthful grace,
But charms more ſolid ripen in the place.
The vernal pride, the roſeate blooms are loſt,
But mellow fruits endear the hoary froſt, 180
Her ready kindneſs ſpares the baſhful pain,
When doubts and fears the bluſhing boy reſtrain:
She ſaves the youth, whom want and paſſion goad
To ſeek his deſp'rate pittance on the road;
The howling heath he leaves to whirlwinds bare,
And kindred worthies, ominous in air;
While, led from cells where dinnerleſs he pines,
She bids him labour in exhauſtleſs mines:
A ſure exchequer to the ſons of play,
The chaplain's benefice, and enſigns pay. 190
The dame, like fortune, with her purſe appears,
Athletic merit from the duſt ſhe rears,
Her own cockade is to the monarch's turn'd,
And gaudy liv'ries for brocades are ſpurn'd.
She guides to licit or illicit bed,
She makes a huſband, or ſhe plants his head,
She lends apartments, aſſignations forms,
Averts ſuſpicion, lulls the jealous ſtorms;
An am'rous *ſatellite*, but ſun no more!
Attends the lover, whom ſhe rul'd before, 200
Conducts the yielding fair-one's timid ſtep,
And ſets in bawd, who roſe in demi-rep.
Some ſtatue thus, the garden's ancient boaſt,
Of naked *Venus*, ſmirking at the froſt,

Or bounteous *Ceres*, with her wheaten crown,
Defac'd by truants, or by time caſt down;
Not exil'd wholly from the pleaſure ground,
(Tho' noſeleſs now, and ſomewhat batter'd found)
O'er ſtable-gate, or kennel-door preſides,
Or baſhful gueſt to ſqualid temple guides. 210

With wanton grace the maid and matron rove,
And challenge man to gentle fights of love.
No niggard arts the gifts of nature hide;
Scarce one poor fig-leaf is indulg'd to pride:
The daring eye may range without controul,
While looſe attire beſpeaks th' unguarded ſoul;
And woman lightens on the kindling view,
As Indians frank—as Indians naked too.
Shall man be cold, when all this waſte of charms
Awakes, invites, allures him to her arms? 220
See, bold-fac'd loves each thin diſguiſe withdraw,
Each decent veil that baſhful fools might awe!
Shall all theſe treaſures be diſplay'd in vain?
Riſe and be MEN, ye macaroni train!
Let cries of joy the wide *Pantheon* rend,
And all our ſports like thoſe of *Neptune* end (*d*);
Our theatres revive the *Roman* games,
And *Britiſh* wives be bleſt as *Sabine* dames. (*e*)

(*d*) Sports of Equeſtrian *Neptune*, exhibited by *Romulus*.

(*e*) Mr. *Addiſon*, in one of his Eſſays, ſays, that whenever he

Our virtuous women, (unrelenting race)
An orphan crew, the venal beauties chace; 230
Each 'ill-ſtarr'd wench,' too poor to keep her fame,
And ſave her character, yet loſe her ſhame.
Our pious wives, to ſpoil the wanton's trade,
Uſurp her enſigns, and her arts invade;
Her ſnares, her engines, and her little arms,
Her bold advances, and parade of charms;
Her boundleſs loves which band could never hold,
Her garb, her manners, and her thirſt of gold.
Ungen'rous toil! to rob the friendleſs bands 239
And ſnatch the hard-earn'd morſel from their hands.
Why ſhould we force the wretched train to hide
Each tempting grace, that daily bread ſupply'd!
Some ſign of trade, ſome ſignal to deſire,
Should mark the ſubjects of a tranſient fire.
The decent habit and the modeſt air
Are now the ſymbols of the venal fair:
While naked charms and high-born want of ſhame
Denotes the matron of UNSULLIED FAME.

Strong as the plants of flaming Indian ſkies,
A vig'rous growth, exub'rant follies riſe, 250

he ſaw any of the Comedies of the laſt age acted, he was always alarmed for the female part of the audience, and expected that the exhibition would conclude, (like the entertainment given by *Romulus* and his followers to the *Sabine* ladies) in a general rape.

In rich profusion rise, luxuriant waste,
Exhaling ripeness, and instinct with taste
Oh *London!* nurse of sweet alluring arts,
That bend the proudest, thaw the coldest hearts;
Thy naked loves are ever on the wing,
Occasions teem, temptations hourly spring;
Where'er abroad the virgin throws her eye,
Some scruples perish, or some virtues die;
All, all she sees th' expanding mind inflame,
And ev'ry object is a stab to fame. 260
Bear me, ye pow'rs of midnight sport, along,
And join your votarist to the courtly throng,
Where vice and folly mingled charms dispense,
And soft amusements free from shame and sense!
Bear me to NAT'RAL-ARTIFICIAL grove,
Where scented fountains murmur tales of love;
Where happy *Nabobs* plume their silken wings,
And *British* rapine wears the spoil of kings;
Where, imp'd by fashion, grubs from *Change* aspire,
And *Jews* converted ape the christian's fire; 270
Where blest occasions ripe desires befriend,
And, fed by *Bacchus*, genial heats ascend,
There let *Cornelys* wave her potent wand,
And scenes of faëry rise at her command.
Be monstrous shapes of fabled legend there,
Let motly nations in her train appear.
No jealous eye pursue th' enamour'd pair,
No surly guardian check the yielding fair;
Let bland enjoyments crown the lover's rage,
And chear with sons the hoary bridegroom's age. 280

Come, Southern youths! these happy seats explore,
New pleasures wait you on *Britannia's* shore.
What fair *Armidas* call from ev'ry strand!
What bow'rs of dalliance rise along the land!
Here shall ye thrive, by novelty endear'd,
With presents honour'd, and with banquets chear'd;
The genial toil, no barren labour, prove,
For kindness crowns, and wealth attends your love,
The brightest smiles shall gild you with their rays,
And costly trifles wing your various days; 290
The softest sports your happy nights shall bless,
And puny soldiers vainly dance and dress.
Your kind invention shall our taste befriend,
And new-born springs to jaded pleasure lend;
Reform our boards, our gourmandise refine,
And teach an alderman with goût to dine.
The *London-tavern* new ragouts shall boast,
And feast of turtle yield to mastiff roast;
While grateful *Britain*, in return imparts
Her glorious av'rice to barbarian hearts. 300

Almighty, unremitting, unallay'd,
Immortal thirst the bosom shall pervade;
For gold, for gold, the gen'ral rage prevail,
And maids no more be barter'd for a nail.
Two fiends with joint and sov'reign sway shall reign,
The love of pleasure, and the love of gain,
And full, and perfect, as in *British* soul,
Absorb all feelings, and all aims controul.

From arts of *Europe*, heat of ſouthern climes,
What full-blown luxuries! what glorious crimes!
Haſte, gentle youths! to guide our revels haſte, 310
Give the laſt poliſh to the ſons of taſte.
*Carnelys* then ſhall new reſources boaſt,
And catch th' inventions of *Ominb's* coaſt,
Luxurious feats by bleſt *Opano* ſeen.
Inſtructive pageants of an am'rous queen.
Its pretty traders ſhall deſert the *Strand*,
And vig'rous chairmen grapple with the band;
While P—r (*f*) and Ruro from an orange grove,
Direct the toil, and give the prize of love. 320

In that bleſt dome, where well-bred mummers croud,
Shall dulneſs, ſpite, and ribaldry be loud;
There *Mitchell's* penitents, a hallow'd race,
And *Roman* veſtals from St. *James's* place,
There queens ſhall throng with quakers, landry-maids,
Nymphs, ſibyls, virgins from *Arcadian* ſhades,
Embryos and idiots, friars, eremites,
*Jews*, *Jentoos*, ſhoe-boys, brachmans, ſages, knights:
Some driv'lers, dreſt for *Grecian* ſages, ſtare,
Some, more judicious, ſeem the thing they are; 330
As grooms or pedlars, titled ſlaves advance,
With genuine witches real ſatyrs dance,

(*f*) Miſs P—t, formerly Lady L———r.

In chaos mixt, despising decent rules,
The jumbled atoms of a world of fools.

While cares, like these, reform the masquerade,
Say, shall religion want your friendly aid?
Some glorious minds have old beliefs o'erthrown,
But fail'd to give us new ones of their own.
O'erwhelm'd too long by superstition's dream,
Ev'n ladies now, to shew their wit, blaspheme. 340
Since *Ashley's* test, (g) the templar's patriot toil,
Have chac'd the gospel fairly from the soil;
In hallow'd missions let your priests engage,
And new religions glad this sceptic age;
Enlighten'd creeds, that modish vices spare,
Commodious, purg'd from priestcraft and from pray'r.

Hark to my call, ye souls of noble fires!
Whom birth emboldens, and whom taste inspires.
Bee-like, my muse pursues her devious way,
To glean instructions for the fair and gay. 350
*Omiah's* isle her best regards employs,
Its leagues of love, and commonwealth of joys. (h)
Illustrious train! whose vast invention shames
The noblest licence of our modish dames;

(g) Ridicule the test of truth. Vide SHAFTESBURY.

(h) Vide in Hawksworth's Voyages an account of a most extraordinary association.

Hail, happy few! whom clearer views refine,
Exalted ſpirits, touch'd with ray divine.
The courtly fair, and high-born ſtriplings rove,
In bleſt alliance of promiſcuous love;
They ſhun the curſe domeſtic drudges bear,
And taſte the ſocial bliſs without a fear. 360
The couch of joy from vile reſtraint is free'd,
The little tell-tales of its pleaſures bleed.
No maid is toaſted in *Omiah's* land,
Nor youth in faſhion, till he joins their band.
They give the ton, o'er etiquette preſide,
Direct amuſements, and opinions guide,
Hear their bon-mots retail'd from town to town,
And teach the public when to ſmile or frown.
'Tis theirs alone with dignity to range,
Where female honour is eternal change; 370
The various paths of pleaſure, and of fame,
Diſjoin'd for others, are for them the ſame.

Fate leads the moments with auſpicious hand,
And rival copies ſoon ſhall bleſs our land.
A BANK OF LOVE our courtly fair ſhall plan,
And ev'ry woman FUND a proper man.
May no diſeaſe th' unbounded joys invade,
Nor ghaſtly ſurgeon haunt the bliſsful ſhade!
Let male and female, old and young reſort,
To woo the goddeſs of nocturnal ſport; 380
Intruding babes ſhall bleed as ſoon as born,
And pleaſure bloom diveſted of its thorn;

No titled dames at masquerades shall ply,
Or keep an office where their silks they buy;
No peeress now be common on the town,
Or rudely violate some country clown;
With peace and honour shall they sate their rage,
And love in comfort to a good old age.
Is there a matron of illustrious blood,
Who much has seen, has felt, and understood, 390
Whose youth exhausted, and whose age sustains
The charming warfare of the *Cyprian* plains;
Pleas'd let her grasp a sceptre of command,
The female *Solon* of a duteous band;
The vast experience of her age unfold,
And rising states with practis'd wisdom mold.
Some badge of order shall the train adorn,
On ev'ry fair and noble bosom worn,
Expressive emblem priz'd o'er stars and strings,
The price of patriots, and the coin of kings. 400
Fancy for them shall pour her various store,
And frolics charm, when pleasure please no more:
Their midnight orgies shall the decent fright,
And morning blush to see the deeds of night;
While glad profusion all her bounty show'rs
On altars sacred to voluptuous pow'rs;
Whate'er of liquid, mounting whimsey fires,
Whate'er of viand goads the dull desires,
Whate'er forbids the *Paphian* feast to cloy,
And opes, when nature locks, the source of joy. 410
In cloudy state shall tipsy *Comus* sit,
And smut and laughter hold the place of wit,

Or ſong deſcriptive, where the muſes rove
In broadeſt comment o'er the text of love.
The deep carouſe let Temeredees grace,
Till am'rous tumults flaſh in ev'ry face.

Such arts of pleaſure ſhall thy land impart;
Gods!—how the proſpect tingles at my heart!
The darling hope inſpires a ſubtle flame,
It throbs, it vibrates thro' my ſhatter'd frame.— 420
Come, blooming youths! to cheer our am'rous dearth,
As genial ſhow'rs refreſh the gaping earth;
Or copious dew from urn of *Maia* wells
On drooping flow'rs, and bids them ope their bells.
For luxury, by ſtrange magnetic laws,
In man repulſes, and in woman draws.
As woman's boſom glows, with fiercer fires,
Enervate man before the flame retires;
Thro' all his frame, he feels inferior might,
And ſhrinks in cold diſmay, and ſhuns th' unequal fight. 430
Nature and art our ſouls in vain adorn,
The ſober fear us, macaronies ſcorn;
That hateful race, diſgraceful to our age,
Nor beauty warms, nor kindneſs can engage.
Cold without prudence; lawleſs without fire;
Proud without worth; debauch'd without deſire;
Rich without wealth; aſpiring without aim;
Tho' laviſh, greedy; vain, tho' void of ſhame.

Freſh from their brain, the changeful faſhions ſpring,
And, imp'd by them, the frolics ſpread the wing; 440
To various fame by various paths they tend,
Th' abſurd in all, the common means and end.
The ſilken ſons of *Nonchalance*, and play,
In dice and dullneſs let them wear the day,
In taſteleſs torpor, ſeek th' unſocial joys,
Cringe from the breeze, and ſhudder at a noiſe.
Are theſe the men, theſe fading forms of air,
To bound the wiſhes of a *Britiſh* fair!
Vain vain attempt—and theirs th' opprobrious fate,
To raiſe the paſſions, which they muſt not ſate, 450
While feeble rudiments, of am'rous lore,
Prepare the curious dame for learning more.
Hence, ſhadows! hence, unreal mock'ries! rove,
Diſgrace of manhood, and deſpair of love!
The maid's reproaches and the matron's gibe,
To caves and wilds ſhall hunt the baneful tribe;
Still may deriſion wait the female's pain
Who looks for joy from ſuch a flimſy train.

Come then, ye ſons of nature, and reſtore
The race of love, or pleaſure is no more. 460
Our ſilken youths for you ſhall croſs the line,
To dreſs your females and your boards refine;
Each travell'd peer ſhall bleſs you in his tour
With arts of play, and ſecrets of amour.
Yours, be our feathers, tinſels, paints, and lies,
Our playful frolics, and our deep diſguiſe:

Ours, be that want of feeling, or that pride,
Which bravely boasts what common mortals hide.
In pleasure's sources, what a gainful trade!
Of mutual science, what exchanges made! 470
Then shall perfection crown each noble heart,
When southern passions mix with northern art;
Like oil and acid blent in social strife,
The poignant sauce to season modish life.

# THE CONTRAST:

OR, A

COMPARISON

BETWEEN THE

CHARACTERS

OF THE

ENGLISH AND IRISH PEOPLE,

IN THE YEAR 1780.

A

POEM.

TO

HENRY GRATTAN, Esq.

THIS POEM IS

INSCRIBED BY

HIS FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

# THE CONTRAST.

## A POEM.

OH *Britain*, fav'rite ſeat of arts and arms,
Where free-born virtue ſpread her brighteſt charms,
How ſunk, how loſt!—the boding fears ariſe;
Thy wealth, thy pleaſures call forth patriot ſighs.

Where are the days, the bleſt the ſacred days,
When *Engliſh* honour ſhone, with cloudleſs rays;
When equal laws their vig'rous arms diſplay'd,
And wit, and genius ſported in the ſhade?
Then public zeal in private worth began,
And roſe, and grew, to citizen from man; 10
A band of virtues trod thy fertile ground,
And freedom ſmil'd, and all things ſmil'd around.
Such *Britain was*, let contemplation range,
And mark what *Britain is*, and mourn the change.

Alas the change!—While vice the ſoul depraves,
And ſoft pollutions melt down men to ſlaves;
For public crimes in private vice begin,
And gen'ral luxury is gen'ral ſin.
Unhallow'd pleaſures ſtain the manly breaſt;
The pomp and riches of the golden Eaſt, 20
With torrid fury, from th' aſcendant ſtrike,
To blaſt the body and the ſoul alike.
Fair truth and virtue from their path retire,
And radiant honour veils the modeſt fire.
Where ſhall we find, in theſe degen'rate days,
The voice of warning, or the guiding rays,
The heav'n-taught knowledge which with thought began,
Stampt by th' Eternal on unſpotted man,
That ſacred eye, that ſure inſtinctive light,
That beam of god-head, darting on the right? 30
Too well, too well, the world is underſtood,
To ſeek for private, now, in public good.
*Britons*, your aims to mighty ſelf advance;
One ſtep beyond, is fiction, and romance.

To vileſt means the thirſt of pleaſure bends;
It knows no country, and it owns no friends.
Soft as ſhe ſeems, in evil ever bold,
From *Stygian* cells ſhe calls the luſt of gold,
A fiend more hideous, from th' infernal den,
Heav'n ne'er awak'd to ſcourge the ſins of men. 40

With deadly fangs, and brazen front he ſtands,
His boſom marble, and of ſteel his hands,
A pigmy creeps, when little aims engage,
Or ſtalks a giant, with devouring rage.
The woes of men are broider'd on his veſt,
Pale forms of famine, all in gold expreſt.
His baneful breath diffuſes pitchy night,
And blear illuſion mocks the feeble ſight.
A livid fire is from his noſtrils roll'd,
That turns ſublunar things to ſolid gold; 50
All charms of nature, ev'ry work of art
Gifts of the head, and graces of the heart.
And ever near him mark deſpotic pride,
With turban'd head, and hands in crimſon dy'd;
By harnaſs'd vaſſals borne, on beds of down,
He ſhakes with terror, while he ſeems to frown.
Thou darling *Rachel*, of the modern throng,
Bright in thy charms, reſiſtleſs in thy ſong;
To gain thy ſmiles, what purchaſe is too dear?
What taſk too mean? what bondage too ſevere? 60
Enjoy'd, yet ſought, with unabated flame,
With years of toil, eternity of ſhame,
By thee, the ſtateſman bows th' ingenuous hands,
To act his earthly and abhorr'd commands;
When captive ſouls are drawn to fatal bow'rs,
And bowls of riot, crown'd with poiſon'd flow'rs.
Seducers then an eaſy conqueſt find;
The diſtant virtue leſſons on the mind,

And, ſeen thro' miſts of many a low-born thought,
The ſelfiſh aim ſhows greater than it ought. 70

In mortal apathy, (the ſureſt ſign
Of freedom loſt, and nations in decline)
Th' enfeebled mind is lifeleſs, cold, and dead;
And taſte alike for books, and virtue fled.
While wit and humour ſcorn the poliſh'd land,
More luſcious food the courtly throng demand.
Behold the muſe, with dead and downcaſt eye,
No more the prieſteſs of eternity,*
No more the guardian of a people's fame,
The ſacred arbitreſs of praiſe and ſhame; 80
The crouds that trembled at her frown of yore,
Are touch'd and ſham'd by ridicule no more. †
Fair truth is baniſh'd, fritter'd manly ſenſe,
To flimſy canting, and to vain pretence.
Tread ſoft ye poets!—ſpare th' ill-manner'd jeſt,
And lull, with ſentiment, the ſlumb'ring breaſt;
Exotic words, with hackney'd thoughts combine,
Let decent dullneſs labour thro' the line;
Forbid the rhyme, with clumſy ſtrength to rage,
From poiſon'd ſatire, weed the level page. 90

* The prieſteſs muſe forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of eternity. POPE.

† Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and ſham'd by ridicule alone. POPE.

Behold, in groupes the ſilken bands retire:
Ah ſpare, to ſcorch them with poetic fire.
A ſoul deform'd can ill the glaſs endure;
Thus, books grow chaſte, as men become impure.
The morbid ſoftneſs of polluted minds,
In gen'ral truths, a private libel finds,
And vainly wit her flaming falchion draws,
When modiſh vice becomes a public cauſe.

In ſuch an age, and ſuch ill-fated ſoil,
No gen'rous youths purſue the letter'd toil; 100
Or ſchemes of good by midnight tapers plan:
Far other ſtudies from the riſing man.

Thou ſoaring ſpirit! whom ambition fires,
No claſſic love thine ardent wiſh requires.
Thy hopeſul youth by living patterns frame,
Look not on books, they wake a dang'rous flame.
For what can ſchoolmen, what hiſtorians teach,
But barren virtues thou muſt never reach?
What aid can *Livy*? what can *Plato* give?
Go to the brothell, and be taught to live:— 110
Or ſeek the ſage, with dice-box in his hand,
Who forms the future ſtateſman of the land.
Learn, learn from him, to weigh the nation's fate,
The mighty chances, in a caſt of ſtate.
Thy conſcious eye ſhall in thyſelf behold,
How vile is manhood, and how precious gold.

The *Delphic* lesson * best is taught by vice,
We learn our value, and we make our price.

Or is there one, whom slavish tasks offend,
Whose center'd soul would on itself depend: 120
He wisely seeks soft oriental climes,
And works his fortune out, by bolder crimes:
That eastern treasures may a borough win;
And nobly raise the current price of sin.
He pours corruption in a golden flood,
And gives to perjury, the price of blood,
Thus, shall his deeds their harmony maintain,
Guilty alike, to lavish and to gain;
No lights and shades, commix'd in chequer'd strife,
One genuine blackness clothes consistent life. 130

Ye heav'ns! in mercy to the feeling few,
Snatch both the past, and present, from their view.
Hide from ingenuous youth, the classic tome,
Th' immortal monuments of *Greece* and *Rome*,
Where free-born genius, by the graces drest,
Led wisdom forth, and thron'd her in the breast.
Oh why behold the noble and refin'd,
The form of virtue rushing on the mind;
Embody'd seen, by youths of ancient fame,
Tho' wasted now to shade and airy name? 140

* γνῶθι σεαυτόν. Know thyself.

Of old, ſhe kindled inexpreſſive love,
And *Greeks* and *Romans* for her beauties ſtrove:
Now, ſhould ſhe come to woo the *Britiſh* train,
Her brighteſt beauties were diſplay'd in vain;
Condemn'd, proſcrib'd! ah! whither could ſhe fly?
To what fond boſom? or what kindling eye?

Unhappy land! by antient forms undone;
The body left, the quick'ning ſpirit gone.
As ſome fair oak, which once his arms diſplay'd,
To birds a dwelling, and to beaſts a ſhade; 150
The gen'rous ſap when creeping ivy drains,
Blaſts the young ſhoots, and dries the ſwelling veins;
Decay'd it ſtands, empoiſoned and deform,
From lightnings black, and ſhiver'd by the ſtorm.

But ceaſe my muſe, forbear thy ſullen ſong;
Nor brood in anguiſh o'er the venal throng.
Attend *Iverne* to the goal of fame,
A youthful nation ſtarting for a name.
Behold the beams of future glory riſe,
And bright ſuffuſions ſtream along the ſkies. 160
See dawning arts the land of ſaints adorn,
Oh hail the day-ſpring, of the glorious morn.

When this green iſle roſe beauteous from the main,
The loves and feelings roſe, a gentle train.
The air was balmy, light the zephyrs flew,
A golden luſtre ſtreak'd th' ethereal blue;

With genial ſoftneſs, gratulation mild,
The morn like that of firſt creation ſmil'd.
A graceful form, our guardian genius ſtood,
And looſe his raiment wanton'd o'er the flood, 170
Celeſtial green, enwrought with purple flow'rs,
By ſubtle ſpirits wove in airy bow'rs;
His auburn hair in ſhining treſſes flow'd,
His poliſh'd cheek with youth immortal glow'd;
A crown of coral on his head he wore,
The tuneful emblem of our iſle he bore.
And thrice he wav'd his hand, and round him came
A thouſand miniſters of ſubtle flame.
" Haſte, haſte, my ſpirits, to your new domain;
" With wakeful pinions ſhade the fav'rite plain; 180
" The breezes temper, ſhed profuſion round;
" And purge from venom'd thing the holy ground.
" Oh ſtill, as now, her guiltleſs people ſave,
" Her virgins modeſt, and her ſtriplings brave;
" Let av'rice ne'er debaſe the manly mind,
" Nor guilty flames pollute the ſofter kind."

They to their taſk.—while borne by vernal airs,
The *Genius* to the pow'rs of fate repairs,
That ply the loom in adamantine bow'rs,
As round their labours wait th' obedient hours. 190

" Some boon he cry'd (and wreath'd a beamy
" ſmile)
" Some happy portion for my darling iſle."—

The beſt of boons conſenting fate decreed,
The gen'rous purpoſe, and heroic deed;
But ſternly added——" Long th' *Iernian* train
" Shall pant and droop, beneath the galling chain;
" And long ſhall *Britain* vaunt with cruel joy,
" The pow'r of fiends and demons to deſtroy.
" Her deadly arts ſhall curſe the teeming land,
" And blaſt the labours of th' induſtrious band. 200
" Where plenty woos, and commerce hails the plain,
" Shall want and famine ſtretch their gloomy reign.
" Yet ſure, tho' late, ſhall commerce crown the ſoil
" And plenty hail, and freedom guard the toil."

So fate decreed.——for mournful ages paſt,
Our land, our lives, our talents run to waſte.
No bleſſing left us, but the vital air,
Th' exhauſted natives ſunk in deep deſpair.
To diſtant climes, ſome bolder ſpirits fled;
They fought for freedom, and for freedom bled. 210

While haughty *Britain* in th' aſcendant towr'd
A baleful night on ſad *Ierne* lowr'd.
Dark dark eclipſe, without all hope of day,
No wand'ring brightneſs, no reluctant ray.

But now 'tis o'er, the noxious blaze declines,
And as it ſinks, our better planet ſhines.
The hour is come;—And hark; the voice that cries,
" My ſons, to freedom and to commerce riſe;

" The God of Wealth ſhall bleſs the fav'rite plain,
" Ariſe, and claim your portion of the main.— 220
See, arts of peace with arts of war combine,
Allied, united in the vaſt deſign.
Ev'n coldeſt ſpirits catch the gen'rous flame,
Ev'n meaneſt natures feel the godlike aim:
An active heat, that knows no pauſe, nor reſt,
It glows, it flames, it burns from breaſt to breaſt.
The buſy murmur of th' induſtrious train,
The ſound of commerce, flies along the plain.

And hark! *Ierne* calls her ſons to arms;
From plain to plain, we hear the glad alarms. 230
On ev'ry breeze the ſacred banners ſtream;
From hill to hill, the marſhall'd ſquadrons beam.
Not ſhepherd's catroll, now, nor hunter's horn,
But piercing fifes awake the ling'ring morn.
Not rural ſports the village throng delight,
But warlike leſſons, and the mimic fight.
See, gayly dread the virtuous bands appear,
Dear to their country, and to freedom dear.
No venal braves, by ſome poor ſtipend led,
To ſell their worthleſs blood for daily bread; 240
No ready engines, at a tyrant's word,
'Gainſt human rights to draw the guilty ſword.
Awake, alive, poſſeſt with glory's charms,
'Tis virtue, virtue calls the hoſt to arms.
They blend the citizen's and ſoldier's name,
And reaſon ſanctifies the martial flame.

Each ſacred pledge that human life endears,
Each awful call that ſounds to virtuous ears:
The riſing energies of freeborn mind,
The glorious ties that honour loves to bind; 250
And laſt, the promiſe of a deathleſs meed,
Shall prompt, nor vainly prompt th' heroic deed.
What honeſt flames from ev'ry eye-ball dart!
What god-like tranſports heave the burſting heart!
Now virtue reigns, ſublime, ſupreme, confeſt;
A nation feels her like a ſingle breaſt.
Thus the rude ſketch would mark the ſiſter ſtates;
Contraſted characters, contraſted fates.
*That*, long a tyrant, joins the willing thralls,
*This*, long a captive late for freedom calls; 260
In painful virtues, *this*, by ſorrows tried,
*That*, borne to vice, on gold's meridian tide.
An antient beauty, deck'd in borrow'd ſpoils,
In gems, and baubles, tiſſue, paint and foils,
With meretricious air, ſublimely vain,
Diſdainful *Britain* ſweeps the gorgeous train;
Alluring ſtill, and lovely in decay,
She counts her vaſſals and ſhe boaſts her ſway.
But young *Ierne*, like a village maid,
Diſtruſts herſelf, of ev'ry gaze afraid, 270
In ſimple garb array'd, with ruſtic air,
Blooming ſhe ſtands, and innocently fair.
Let poliſh'd arts the baſhful nymph refine,
In ſilken raiment let her beauties ſhine,
Th' admiring world ſhall own her peerleſs charms,
And diſtant boſoms pant with ſoft alarms.

Oh may we ſoon in patriot labours ſee,
All faiths unite, and partiſans agree.
May tender charities, fraternal love,
Compoſe the warring ſects that fiercely ſtrove. 280
Far to the winds be vain diſtinctions toſt,
All other names, in *Iriſhman* be loſt,
No more let caſuiſtry, with guilty ſkill,
In good eternal ſeek a ſource of ill;
The little odious party rage forego,
One ſtrife alone, of public virtue know;
Lo, there her temple ſtands, a faultleſs frame,
From antient *Greece* the ſacred model came,
Ten thouſand ſeveral paths may lead to heav'n,
One, only one, to public weal is giv'n; 290
And concord is that one,——by her alone,
Shall commerce, wealth, and freedom be our own.
Exulting ſtrains from wall to wall rebound,
Symphonious peals of gen'ral worſhip ſound,
All various faith's in patriot love combine,
All all harmonious bow before the ſhrine,
And each with pious vow ſhall offer there,
The partial purpoſe and the jealous fear.
A ſecond *Paraclete*, from heav'n above,
On ev'ry breaſt deſcends the patriot love; 300
Ætherial myſtic fire—and all embrace,
And hand in hand, the paths of honour trace,
Inſtinct, and purified with holy flame,
One God, one hope, one welfare, and one fame.

And you fair daughters of th' *Hibernian* ſoil,
Shall you be wanting to the patriot toil?
In ſtory'd volumes lives th' immortal praiſe
Of virtuous dames, in *Greek* and *Roman* days.
Did public danger private aid demand,
They gave their jewels, with no ſparing hand; 310
They met their huſbands red from glorious wars,
And kiſt with weeping joy their honeſt ſcars.
Nor fades the flame, that brightly burn'd of yore;
It warms the virgins of th' *Atlantic* ſhore.
Fair fall the lot of ev'ry gentle maid,
Whoſe lovely hands the work of freedom aid.
Around her, may the vernal moments fling,
The bloomy pleaſures from the dewy wing.
For her, with pride, the gallant heart ſhall bleed,
For her, ev'n cowards dare the mighty deed. 320
How happy ſhe, whoſe milder ſtars require,
No painful virtues, no heroic fire;
Whoſe flow'ry lot is fall'n in peaceful days,
When cheap exertions win the patriot praiſe;
Whoſe very foibles give a myriad food,
Whoſe very luxuries are public good.
Not hers, to ſend a brother to the field,
To furbiſh arms, a ſire or ſon muſt wield,
To ſtifle ſwelling nature's tender cry,
Then bid farewell without one feeble ſigh, 330
To baniſh from her cheek the fearful pale,
While the loud din comes thund'ring on the gale,
To meet a lover, on th' untimely bier,
And nobly mourn, without a woman's tear.

Such trials heav'n ſeverely kind ordains
To you, ye daughters of th' *Atlantic* plains.
And while ye nobly bear ;—our female band
Flaunt in the trappings of a foreign land.
But one poor ſacrifice, of tinſel pride,
Their country claims ; and is that boon deny'd, 340
Oh born, with hearts the wretch's pangs to feel !
Shall idle pomp your tender boſoms ſteel ?
While foreign robes your poliſh'd limbs enfold,
Induſtrious throngs muſt ſhudder in the cold.
That ſound of woe—their infants piercing cries !
Hear the loud groans of eager anguiſh riſe ;
And ye the cauſe.—retire ye guilty fair,—
Your charms be blaſted, and your hopes deſpair.
Oh heartleſs woman ! dar'ſt thou wiſh to prove
Th' expanding raptures of parental love ? 350
To view, to hear, a ſmiling prattling race ?
Or bend to fold them in a dear embrace ?
Here female honour found a peaceful cell ;
The meek-ey'd train of female virtues dwell.
What praiſe is wanting to th' *Hibernian* dame ?
One, one, alone, to feel the patriot flame.
And ſhe does feel—behold what arts of gain,
At her ſoft bidding, ſpread from plain to plain ;
What numbers toil to forge the various arms,
That conq'ring beauty ſeeks for ſoft alarms. 360
Her riſing ſoul unwonted ardour knows ;
Her lonely hour in taſk unwonted flows.
Behold the maid her ſilken warp extend,
And croſs the woof, and light with ſhadow blend.

Not ſuch the web as wanton *Helen* * wove,
With tales of wand'ring fill'd, and guilty love;
But ſuch, as might in happier days and climes,
Beſeem the daughters of heroic times.
The banner grows beneath her cunning hand,
The ſure *Palladium* of a freeborn band. 370

How nobly is the glorious courſe begun!
Oh faint not, fail not, ere the race you run.
No feeble pauſe, no cold unmanly ſtay,
Haſte, ruſh, aſpire, where glory points the way.
Oh might the virtues of my native throng
Give force prophetic to the partial ſong;
Dare ye not then the great occaſion meet,
When Heav'n prepares, and lays it at your feet,
When fortune woos you, but to reach the hand,
And take whate'er your ſanguine hopes demand. 380
Shall toys and baubles ſooth a mighty mind.
For tarniſh'd fame, and liberty reſign'd?
And will ye (like th' untutor'd *Indian*) ſell
Your golden treaſures for a bead or ſhell?
Devoid of freedom, commerce were a curſe,
Since wealth would make the ſtate of bondage worſe,
Bid the ſtern hand of pow'r deſpotic fall,
And forge th' occaſion that for rapine call.
Poor is the ſlave that labours in the mine,
Tho' rich with ore the pillar'd caverns ſhine; 390
And poor the ſailor ſhipwreck'd on the waſt,
Tho' precious coffers are around him caſt,

* Homer's Iliad, Book III.

Oh might our ſenate feel a virtuous pride,
And patriot warmth with temper'd wiſdom guide,
With frugal care reſtrain the bounteous hand,
And ſpare the pittance of a beggar'd land.
And long our people hold each hand and heart,
Conjoin'd, incorporate, no more to part;
Eternal band, the pledge of ſmiling days,
Of patriot ardours, and of virtuous praiſe. 400

May *Britain* ſoon her better int'reſt know,
Nor ſpurn the good *Ierne*, can beſtow;
Her paltry pride, her mean ſuſpicions chace,
And win by bounteous acts a grateful race.
In many a maze while commerce flows around,
New force and value ſhall to her redound;
Wide and more wide the genial currents born,
With riſing herbage ſhall their banks adorn,
And ſcatter plenty, as their path they ſweep,
Then ſink in her as in their parent deep. 410
Or like the blood, with heat informing, roll,
Strength to the limbs, and ſpirit to the ſoul;
Thro' us diffus'd, as thro' ſome meaner part,
To her returning, as the vital heart.
While wealth was ours we pour'd it like a flood,
And many a plain was red with loyal blood.
Where'r the croſs of *Britain* ſtreams around,
*Ierne's* ſons array'd in ſteel are found,
And ſee our land a recompenſe unfold
More rich, more vaſt, than mines of pureſt gold: 420

Here *Britain* ſhall relume her antient flame,
And learn again to glow at virtue's name;
The long loſt ſpark of gen'rous daring find,
And purge from ſluggiſh droſs the torpid mind;
As bright example lends Promethean heat,
The palſy'd hearts again for freedom beat.
See radiant forms of public zeal ariſe,
They live, they move, they paſs before your eyes;
That awful call!—the dread oblivion ſhake,
Hear, Britons, hear, and from your trances wake.
Renew the glories of thoſe antient times, 431
When righteous anger flam'd at public crimes.
In majeſty ſevere the people roſe,
And cry'd for vengeance on their common foes;
A mighty voice, as many waters loup,
As thunder dreadful to the venal croud.

The pitying Heav'ns to give ſome pond'ring ſpace,
From final ruin ſav'd the votive race;
When ready triumphs ſeem'd to court their foes,
Envenom'd gales and headlong whirlwinds roſe. 440
Now, *Britain*, chooſe, while yet a choice remains;
Preſerve the reliques of thy vaſt domains,
The ſcanty portion winds and billows ſpare,
Embrace it, hoard it with a miſer's care;
Oh tempt no more the fierce avenging pow'r;
But ſeize the preſent, 'tis th' allotted hour,
Eventful *now*, that marks thy future doom,
For riſing glories, or eternal gloom;

Restrain thy luxury, controul thy pride,
Let present ills to future blessings guide ; 450
Like strong *Anteus* from thy fall arise ;
Renew'd by weakness, and by madness wise.

# L O V E

# E L E G I E S.

Del vario ſtile in ch'io piango e ragiono
Fra le vane ſperanze e'lvan dolore
Ove ſia chi per prova intenda amore
Spero trovar pietâ non che perdono.

PETRARCH.

Ne ſcaura jamais peut-être
Que ces vers m'ont peu coûte;
Enfans de l'oiſivete,
L'amour ſeul les a fait naitre.

CHAULIEU.

# ELEGY, THE FIRST.

WHEN *Venus* calls a ſtripling from the throng,
To ſeek her early, and to ſerve her long,
With gentle *Nature*, fortune ſhould conſpire,
To mould the feelings, and to fan the fire,
The ſmiles and graces throng th' enchanted ground,
And ſports and wiſhes dance in airy round;
While hope, and eaſe, and affluence, hand in hand,
And youth and pleaſure join the beauteous band.
For cares and toils the tender wiſh reprove,
But peace and leiſure ſooth the ſoul to love. 10

Why, *Venus*—why to cells and cloiſters roam?—
Why call the ſtudent from the labour'd tome?
Why from his brow the wreath of *Pallas* tear,
To bind thy roſes, and thy myrtle there?
Alas the vapours of the midnight oil
Will blaſt the myrtle and the roſes ſoil.

The ſtudents days are mark'd for toil and pain,
And little ſhall he grace thy laughing reign.
Lo, rigid ſcience chides the young deſires;
And points where wiſdom's awful fane aſpires. 20
She bids her ſlave the ſteepy path eſſay;
And contemplation guides his weary way.

Along that path, no ſilken flowret blows,
No verdant couch is ſpread for ſoft repoſe;
But haggard vigil bath'd in dews of night,
And doubts and muſings ſcare the young delight.
Behold that form with ſickly languor pin'd,
With waſting labours of the harraſs'd mind;
Behold his cheeks reſign the youthful red,
And ſnows untimely whiten o'er his head.— 30
The ſtudent he—ah ſpare him goddeſs, ſpare—
Deſpiſe a wretch unworthy of thy care.
How ſhall he learn to tune th' enamour'd ſong?
How lead the dance amidſt thy choral throng?

In vain, in vain, has ſtern deſpondence frown'd,
And ſcience vainly mark'd the choſen ground:
In vain the ſhades of *Grecian* ſages riſe,
With brow ſevere to chide a lover's ſighs.—
—" Ill-fated youth, betray'd by woman's wiles,
" Slave of her looks, and play-thing of her ſmiles! 40
" The fruitleſs wiſhes have, like ſerpents, wound
" Their venom'd folds thy new-born ſtrength around;
" Oh rend their volumes, ere they taint thy fame,
" And ſting th' empoiſon'd heart, with mortal ſhame."
In vain——
I own thy empire, queen of ſoft deſires!
I feel thee ruſhing in reſiſtleſs fires;
Sacred, ſupreme, unrivall'd, and confeſt,
It ſhakes my frame; it fills my throbbing breaſt.

Yes, gentle ſov'reign of the human ſoul,
Almighty love, I own thy ſoft controul. 50

Farewell rich muſings, and creative toil,
The godlike harveſt of *Pierian* ſoil!
The paſſions burſt, impetuous as the wind,
And ſcatter all the treaſures of the mind.—
Farewell the gliding forms, an awful throng,
That wait the ſolemn hour of ſacred ſong!
And oh farewell, the bright extatic glow,
Seraphic trance, that happy poets know,
The ſtarting eye when bliſsful frenzy ſtrains,
And rapt'rous chillneſs tingles thro' the veins! 60

With fatal care, the graces have array'd,
And young deſires adorn'd the lovely maid.
They gave her words, more ſoft than honied ſhow'rs,
More ſweet than breezes from the wood-bine bow'rs.
Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, or looks, or ſmiles, or moves,
O'er all her frame the ſoul of beauty roves.
Quick from the ſpirit, various, wakeful, warm,
It lives it glows thro' all th' impaſſion'd form.

Too lovely maid, ordain'd with high behest
To ſway the movements of a doating breaſt; 70
Queen of my fate, ſupreme to curſe or bleſs,
My heav'n, my other name for happineſs!

The rising moments wait thy dear command;
They ask a colour from thy forming hand.
'Tis thine, with chearful tints to bid them glow;
'Tis thine, to cloud them with dispair and woe.
I feel thy pow'r, I own myself thy slave—
Employ it, *Clara*, not to kill, but save.
Wound not my bosom, with capricious art;
Forbear to trifle with a feeling heart; 80
That added years may nurse the rising flame,
And life's last sighs be breath'd, to *Clara's* name.

# ELEGY, THE SECOND.

IF beauty's vaunt demands a wretch's pain,
And tortur'd victims ſooth thy high diſdain;
Come, while thou mayſt, thy lover's pang deride;
The ſuff'rer ſoon ſhall mock thy ſcorn and pride.
The darkling purpoſe labours in my breaſt;
Some ſpirit whiſpers, I ſhall be at reſt.—
—From theſe wild eye-balls, not a tear ſhall flow,
My frantic grief ſhall learn to laugh at woe,
When reaſon from her orb of rule is thrown;
And bold diſpair explores the realms unknown. 10

What fantoms riſe—ſpare ſpare, ye hideous band!
Heav'n heav'n, reſtrain a wretch's impious hand!—
—A thouſand furies flap their murky wings,
They goad my madding ſoul with ſcorpion ſtings.—
Leſs dire the train, that roſe at *Juno's* call,
While ſable gore bedew'd the regal hall.
Round *Ino's* head, the *Stygian* brand they hurl'd,
In venom'd folds, their hiſſing ſnakes they curl'd;
The *Theban's* * ſoul received th' infernal brood.—
—He rag'd, he thirſted, for his children's blood. 20

* *Athamas*—ſee their ſtory in *Ovid*.

With chearless gaze, I mark the dawning light;
The sun descends, I curse the gloom of night;
Friends, business, books I loath;—my sullen fate,
My frantic love, but most myself, I hate.
What saving aim! my feeble pray'rs arise;
But feeble pray'rs must never reach the skies.—
What gifts of heav'n! with bounteous heav'n at strife,
My love embitters all the goods of life.

Oh fond remembrance! wakeful cruel guest,
The toil, the torment of th' enamour'd breast.— 30
—Alas, I lov'd thee, ere I view'd thy charms,—
Be curst the dawnings, of my fierce alarms;
And curst the youth, that *Clara's* beauty prais'd,
'Twas wonder first the gay description rais'd,
The heav'nly theme had touch'd his lips with fire,
He spake, and wonder soften'd to desire,
Possest, inspir'd, on ev'ry charm he dwelt,
From pore to pore the subtle flames I felt;
I ran—I flew—I view'd, in evil hour,
The boast the darling of creative pow'r. 40

Better, disease had chain'd me to my bed,
Or vollied light'ning rank'd me with the dead.—
From ev'ry smile, the glad allurements stray'd,
In ev'ry glance, the softest wishes play'd.
Who there could read, the deep capricious art,
The sportive hardness of thy cruel heart?

Who then the pangs?—alas, alas, 'twere vain,—
Tho' death had menac'd all his forms of pain;
Tho' hell had gap'd, athwart my desp'rate way;
And starting fiends recoil'd from sudden day. 50
Soon, with my peace th' insulting wanton play'd;
With fatal skill, th' uncertain reins she sway'd.
Now floating loose, they wave their easy folds,
And now severe, the steely curb she holds.
Skill'd to torment, and studious to destroy,
With floods of woe, she blends a drop of joy.
Now (like the dove) familiar, soft, and bland,
Uncall'd she comes, and courts the fondling hand.
Now (like th' imperial eagle) seeks the skies,
Sublimely tow'rs, and mocks my dazzled eyes. 60
Now gently kind, the various maid appears,
In soothing smiles array'd and balmy tears;
Mild as the silphids of the gliding stream;
Mild as the fantoms of the maiden's dream.
And now she takes th' avenging spirits form;
Array'd in flames, and bursting in the storm:
'Midst the wild havock, good and blameless still,
For ruin bright, and beautiful to kill.

Well knows my tyrant, that unvaried pain
Might loose her captive from the weary chain. 70
She scorns the bard, yet loves th' applauding rhymes;
Her gen'rous pride would live in other times.
Thousands she sees, are noble, wise, and brave,
Th' enamour'd poet is no vulgar slave;

And mine th' applauſe, that pride herſelf might
chuſe;
The muſe of *Edwin* is no common muſe.
Severely chaſte, ſhe walks erect and bold
Unſtain'd by flatt'ry, undebauch'd by gold;
Not poorly barter'd, nor at random giv'n,
Her praiſe is hoarded, for th' elect of heav'n. 80

Oh friend of man, oh laſt and dread repoſe!
Dear ſacred harbour from the ſtorm of woes.—
Oh when ſhall death!—Alas! I vainly rave,—
Sure, I ſhall love thee, ev'n beyond the grave.
From pangs, to pangs, the weary ſpirit caſt,
'Midſt changeful woes may find its paſſion laſt.

Deluded wretch, no more purſue the flame,
That draws thee wide from ev'ry noble aim,
Blaſts thy fair hopes, and vain exiſtence fills,
With dreams of good, and certainty of ills.— 90
Where now the gen'rous toils that warm'd thy youth?
The path of ſcience, and the light of truth?—
Oh ſhame of manhood!—Reaſon wakes my ſoul.—
I tear thy chains, I ſpurn thy baſe controul.

That heav'nly ſmile!--my fondly changeful mind!--
What hope would whiſper—*Clara* may be kind.
Deluded novice!—poor believing child!—
The fondeſt wretch that woman e'er beguil'd!—

Behold the creature of thy high command,
The pliant wax beneath thy forming hand; 100
No more, my *Clara*, ſhall thy ſlave rebel,
No more complaints, my vain deſpair farewell;
The ſtar of *Venus* in th' aſcendant tow'rs,
There *Clara* ſits, and guides the ſmiling hours;
With peace and love, ſhe fills the gladſome ſphere,
And riſing good and beaming hopes are there.

Strange pow'r of woman! with what high controul
A ſmile or glance can take the priſon'd ſoul,
And hurl it far from reaſon and from reſt;
Or toſs it like a leaf within the breaſt. 110

# ELEGY, THE THIRD.

## PETRARCH,

### A Viſion to a Friend.

WITH muſing wearied, on my couch I lay;
And loſt in ſleep, the labours of the day.
From high (methought) I heard a ſacred ſound.
A heav'nly radiance fill'd the chamber round.
Never (till then) ſuch muſick charm'd my ear;
So ſoft, ſo full, ſo melting, yet ſo clear.—
No burſting peal, as of a crouded band;
A ſtrain of few it ſeem'd, and each a maſter hand.
At meaſur'd cloſes, voice of ſeraph kind,
In ſweet reſponſe, or bolder chorus join'd.

Not ſuch the glory, as of eaſtern ſkies,
When cruel ſuns in tyrant ſplendour riſe;
Nor cold and watry, like the lunar ray,
Confeſt the want, and wept the loſs of day.

Not fierce it flam'd, intolerable glare,
As when *Pelides* rose, at *Homer's* * pray'r.
Bright as the curtains, by th' enamour'd *dawn*,
In hours of love, o'er young *Tithonus* drawn,
Clear as the chariot of etherial fire,
That wrapt *Cecilia* to th' angelic choir, 20
A glad suffusion, an extatic light,
It rais'd the spirit, while it chear'd the sight.
The central brightness gleam'd a roseat hue,
The border faded to celestial blue.

A holy horror tingled thro' my blood,
Before my eyes, the form of *Petrarch* stood;
Not in religion's humble weeds array'd,
Not such in guise as o'er *Valclufe* he stray'd.
Nor in his garb was worldly grandeur shown,
Or tinsel glare, to wretched mortals known. 30
White flow'd his robe, not dead and paly white,
But liquid tissue of transparent light.
Less thin, the fleece o'erspreads the summer skies;
Less bright and clear, the northern streamers rise.

* *Homer's* Prayer.] *Homer* it is said when he first meditated his Poem of the *Iliad*, prayed that his hero *Achilles* mighe appear to him in his glory, and having offer'd sacrifices at his tomb to render the deceased propitious, the shade of the warrior rose encompassed with such a flood of glory and clad in such dazzling armour, that the poet was deprived of his sight.

Sublimely ſimple, looſe, and unconfin'd,
Nor claſp nor plait it's airy folds confin'd.

The ſainted ſhade with grace angelic mov'd.
A form it ſeem'd, to love, and to be lov'd.
His poliſh'd temples bore th' immortal wreath,
That guards the poet's hallow'd brows from death. 40
With lambent light, his ſober ſmiles expreſt
The temper'd triumph of the virtuous bleſt;
And 'midſt thoſe ſmiles, a trait of ſadneſs dwelt,
That ſpake remembrance of the pangs he felt.—
While from his eyes benignant lightnings roll,
And by their flame, I ſeem'd to read the ſoul,
Diſtinct to view th' unfolded ſpirit wrought;
I ſaw the naſcent forms of riſing thought.
On me, (ſo fancy work'd) his eyes he caſt.
Quick to my heart, the ſearching glances paſt. 50
And words, not ſuch as human organs find,
Yet then expreſſive, thrill'd my wond'ring mind.—

" Ill-fated youth (he ſaid) betray'd to ſhame,
" Lur'd by the lover's, and the poet's name,
" Is then thy couch with midnight tears bedew'd?
" Is *Petrarch's* cup of woe for thee renew'd?
" Nor praiſe nor pity ſhall thy plaints engage;
" Truſt me, young poet, 'tis an iron age;
" Thy humble woes ſhall ne'er in ſtory live,
" Nor know the pride illuſtrious ſorrows give. 60

" Thy love alone, with *Petrarch's* may compare,
" Like *Laura* gentle and like *Laura* fair;
" And ſince the day that *Laura* was inurn'd,
" Thy paſſion only hath like *Petrarch's* burn'd;
" But wouldſt thou dare, to *Petrarch's* fame aſpire,
" Then learn to emulate his conſtant fire.
" Twice twenty years th' unwearied lyre ſhall ſound;
" Twice twenty years thy ſorrows bathe the ground.
" Forego thy kindred,—thy companions fly;—
" Conceal thy grief, from ev'ry human eye; 70
" Renounce th' ambitious hope, the ſelfiſh aim,
" With prudence war, and woo contempt and ſhame;
" To tangled brakes repair, and lonely woods,
" The cave, th' impending rock, the headlong floods;
" There feed on anguiſh; there deſerted ſtray;
" Become more ſavage, and more wild than they;—
" And ſure thou mayſt—that feeling heart may prove
" The fierceſt pangs of wild delirious love.
" The ſtarry choirs that ſtud the nightly ſphere,
" And parted ſhades, if parted ſhades are near, 80
" May ſee thee ſtretched along th' unwholeſome
" ground,
" While mix'd with tears the plaintive ſongs reſound;
" May ſee thee glide, like ſome unhappy ſprite,
" All pale, and blend thy tears with dews of night.—
" Yet hope not thou to gain th' immortal bays;
" Mean as thou art, and fall'n on evil days,
" When harden'd hearts deſpiſe the tuneful theme;
" And impious tongues almighty love blaſpheme.

" The time is paſt—and never more ſhall bard
" On this low earth receive the proud reward. 90
" Oh born, to feel a doom of double hate,
" Poet and lover in the wrath of fate;
" Behold what joy the poet's guerdon lends;
" And mark, what woe the lover's boſom rends.——

" On *Petrarch's* birth, propitious nature ſmil'd,
" And fortune too endow'd the wond'rous child;—
" But ill-ſtarr'd paſſion ſhap'd my lot for pain;
" And nature's ſmiles, and fortune's gifts were vain.
" Mine the clear ſpirit, mine the matchleſs lyre,
" The thoughts of angels, and the words of fire; 100
" Mine ev'ry grace to win the female mind,
" And ev'ry art to ſway the manly kind;
" Contending monarch's woo'd me for their own;
" Contending cities wreath'd the laureat crown:
" Yet then, the vileſt outcaſt of the train,
" That toil thro' life in famine, ſcorn and pain,
" Compar'd with me, an envied doom poſſeſt,
" And baſk'd in fortune's ſmile, and bore th' un-
" clouded breaſt.

" In early youth, I lov'd a peerleſs dame;
" The nobleſt ſpirit in the faireſt frame.—— 110
" Magnetic force, her glance reſiſtleſs drew;
" Around my neck, a chain of flow'rs ſhe threw.
" No human force could tear that flow'ry wreath,
" Eternal adamant lay hid beneath.

" She launc'd my bosom, took the beating heart,
" And pierc'd it thro' with many a burning dart,
" Then quick return'd, while yet the gore distill'd,
" With wishes, pangs, despair, and frenzy fill'd;
" And rove, (she said), for years of anguish rove,
" The pride, the martyr of imperious love. 120
" Go, bright in suff'rings, agonize to fame.
" Go, like the phenix, feed a matchless flame.
" Thy parting spirit shall in glory rise;
" And clouds of incense waft thee to the skies.

" O wretched man! whom stormy passion bears,
" To sail to glory, thro' a flood of tears.
" To guide his helm, capricious fancy stands;
" And treach'rous hope conceals the shifting sands.
" But thou beware, avoid the fatal coast;
" Ere yet thy pinnace on the shoals is lost. 130
" Trust not the comfort, that would dawn on thee,
" Ah what avails—tho' *Clara* yet is free!
" Ere yet th' irrevocable word is past,
" Ere *Hymen* yet the awful die hath cast,
" Thou dar'st to hope,—what anguish dost thou
" store,
" Against the time, when hope shall be no more!
" When to the church, in bridal robes array'd,
" Some happier youth shall lead the blushing maid—
" Why start and tremble?—when the nuptial tie
" Hath made her his,—thou shalt despair and die.—

" No, wiſer thou, anticipate the hour; 141
" Ev'n now behold her in a rival's pow'r."——

I woke—the ſtars were melted in the dawn;
And veils of ſaffron o'er th' horizon drawn.
Beſide my couch, I found th' unfiniſh'd ſtrain,
Deſpis'd the warning, ſigh'd, and rhym'd again.

# ELEGY, THE FOURTH.

## ABSENCE.

ARISE, O Sun! lead on the cloudleſs days,
And gild the landſcape, where my *Clara* ſtrays.
Say, for thou ſeeſt, amidſt her native bow'rs,
Bleſt ſource of light, how glide the harmleſs hours?
In ſomething duteous, tender, good, and kind,
Some taſk, they fly, that ſpeaks a poliſh'd mind.
Fain would I hope, as poets ſtill are vain,
She dwells with pleaſure on th' enamour'd ſtrain,
Where trembling fancy paints the ſoft alarms,
A lover's madneſs, and a *Clara*'s charms. 10
Oh ſay the rhymes one tender thought engage,
And ſoon the muſe ſhall feel a nobler rage;
With eagle plume, ſome bold excurſion dare;
And ſail, in glory, thro' the fields of air.

I ſwear, by love, my *Clara*'s name ſhall live,
If ought in ſong may deathleſs being give;
If numbers yet may fan the lover's ſighs,
Or numbers yet empearl the beauteous eyes.—
Tho' *Orpheus* fail'd, yet many a bard could ſave
The darling object, from the yawning grave. 20

*Nærra* * thus, and *Delia* * live in ſong,
Thus poliſh'd *Cynthia* † charms the letter'd throng,
And *Petrarch's Laurel*, ever green and bright,
Defies the murky damps of Stygian night.
Enchanting maid, as flow'rs of Eden fair,
And gay as ſummer ſuns, and bland as air,
Happy thy kindred, happy are thy friends,
Happy the ſervant that my love attends;
Their golden hours in *Clara's* preſence fly,
They feel the gladd'ning ſunſhine of her eye; 30
They, happy taſk, to ſerve or pleaſe her toil;
And, happy prize, they gain her radiant ſmile.
Happy the ruſtics, that inhabit round!—
They ſometimes ſee thee walk the flow'ry ground.
Happy the trees, that wave their friendly ſhade,
O'er the light footſteps of my darling maid,
And happy turf, by thoſe light footſteps preſt,
And happier flowrets that adorn thy breaſt;
But happy happy wanton breeze, that flies, 39
To kiſs thy lips, thy breaſt, thy cheek, thine eyes!—
Which wild deſire—but hallow'd awe reproves
The fiercely trembling wiſh of him that loves.

The muſe near *Clara* takes her ſilent ſtand,
And ſees her circled by the friendly band.
She ſits their guardian goddeſs, and imparts
A gladſome influence to their faithful hearts,

* *Nærra* and *Delia* celebrated by *Tibullus*.
† *Cynthia* the miſtreſs of *Propertius*.

With gentle act, or look, or ſmile, or ſong,
The pride, the joy, the wonder of the throng.
Howe'er the train in ſhows of love contend,
Yet abſent, *Clara*, is thy fondeſt friend. 50
Fond is a brother's, fond a ſiſter's love,
And dear the cares that wakeful parents prove;
Yet, neither brother's love, nor ſiſter's care,
Nor wakeful parents can with mine compare.
Not theirs the duty tremblingly alive,
The watchful zeal; the lover's feelings give;
Not theirs the eye, that reads the latent bents,
Not theirs the hand, that ev'ry wiſh prevents.

Say, does thy friend a tender thought employ,
Or ſteal a moment from the round of joy? 60
Will he not ſometimes croud into thy breaſt,
In abſence preſent, an unbidden gueſt?
Oh were my heart before thee; could'ſt thou read
Its inmoſt wiſhes, and behold it bleed;
My *Clara*, ſure, would cold reſerve diſown,
And own her ſoul is mine, and mine alone.

Say, does the ſemblance of her *Edwin*'s face
On *Clara*'s boſom yer retain a place?
Oh rather ſay, does *Clara*'s love demand
The faint memorial, of a painter's hand? 70
Say, doſt thou feel the *Taliſman* tranſpire,
The ſubtle vapour of a fond deſire?

Doſt thou the gold with eager kiſſes wear,
Or dim the cryſtal, with a pearly tear?
Thy tears and kiſſes life and motion give,
Th' awaken'd ſhadow ſeems to breathe and live;
Promethean heat thy radiant eyes impart,
It ſpeaks, it whiſpers, to thy flutt'ring heart.

" Hear, beauteous maid; the timid wiſh I bear,
" The ſighs of *Edwin* to thy gentle ear. 80
" Say does thy heart retain the penſive youth,
" Whoſe only merit was his humble truth?
" Oh could'ſt thou know, what parting tears he ſhed,
" What ſpeechleſs bleſſings pour'd upon thy head—
" Shall rival tongues prevail, with wily art,
" To rob thine *Edwin*, of his *Clara*'s heart?

Forgive me, deareſt, if the jealous care
Haunts, like a troubled ſprite, my diſtant fair.—
The vaſt of nature, only ſhews to me,
A ſingle object, and that object thee. 90
A thouſand doubts, a thouſand fantoms riſe,
And much we fear, for what we greatly prize.
In ev'ry tongue, a rival's voice I hear,
Ev'n in my ſhadow, I a rival fear.

I know thee true, not thine the roving eye,
Whoſe bright regards with cheap allurement fly;
But anxious love will fear, it knows not what nor why.

# ELEGY, THE FIFTH.

YE wayward hours, on ſwifter pinions move;
Oh bear me quickly to the land I love.—
Hail, genial iſle, my parent country hail.
The ſtately mountains and the fertile vale.
Dear ſcenes, that ſtill my buſy thoughts employ,
Where hope, the flatt'rer, yet would promiſe joy;
Scenes of my infant truly bliſsful days,
My long-loſt innocence, my childiſh plays;
There youthful friendſhips fill'd the void of mind,
There there I lov'd, and *Clara* there was kind; 10
There firſt I learn'd to tune th' unpoliſh'd lays,
When *Clara's* tongue inflam'd with early praiſe.
As radiant morning bids the bluſhing roſe,
It's ſilken boſom to the day diſcloſe,
Her ſmiles awak'd the latent pow'rs of mind;
And love my manners and my muſe refin'd.

Nor did I vainly love the gen'rous heart
Of *Clara* ſcorn'd diſguiſe and ſordid art.
Not hers, to play with aching doubts and fears,
Not hers, to triumph in a lover's tears. 20
At my approach, her kindling bluſhes glow'd,
Her eyes were brighten'd, and her fancy flow'd.

In crouded ſcenes; her glances rang'd around,
Uncertain, heedleſs 'till her love they found.
When *Edwin* ſpoke, on him her eyes were bent,
And when he ended, *Clara* ſmil'd aſſent.
His loves and hates her partial fondneſs caught,
And copied ev'n his phraſe, and turn of thought.—
Fool that I am, with vauntive tongue and loud—
Yet *Clara*'s love might make a monarch proud. 30

Nor didſt thou vainly love, O maid divine,
Might humble *Edwin*'s heart compare with thine.
Two years are waſted, ſince within that heart
There dwelt a wiſh where *Clara* had not part.
Not for the world, for thee alone I ſung,
I ſought no praiſes, but of *Clara*'s tongue.—
What wonders love within this boſom wrought,
New-caſt the ſoul and moulded ev'ry thought.
For *Clara*'s ſake, I join'd the ſordid train,
I bow'd th' indignant heart to guilty gain, 40
Who free from love, had never ſought to roam
Beyond the circle of a ſhepherd's home.
But all my humble hopes and cares confin'd
Within the portion of the toiling hind.

Yes, love the lover from his *Clara* tore,
To court his fortune on a diſtant ſhore.
Deſire and hope ſuſtain'd me by the hand,
And fair before me ſpread a promis'd land.

Elysian fields, where fancy joy'd to roam,
And revell'd in the dreams of good to come.
With anguish *Clara* saw the youth depart;
" And go, she said, preserve the honest heart. 50
" Thy *Clara*'s sorrows shall in silence flow;
" I will not wound thee, with untimely woe.
" On wishes feed, where fortune calls thee stray,
" With love and *Clara* partners of thy way,
" This only caution from thy *Clara* hear,
" (My soul securely scorns the jealous fear)
" Oh let not av'rice steel thy gentle breast,
" Or seize the place thy *Clara*'s form possest."

Deep deep engrav'd thy gentle accents live;
And force and firmness to my virtue give.
Hid, like a precious talisman, they dwell 60
To guard my bosom from it's inmost cell.
They bid me, conscious of the sacred fire,
Spurn the low purpose and the base desire;
For mighty love impreſt with magic pow'r,
And grav'd the sigil, in auspicious hour.

Methinks, unseen and airy agents bear
My *Clara*'s accents to my tingling ear.
Methinks, I hear her softly chide my stay;
" Come *Edwin*, come; ah why this long delay?" 70

Thro' fields of air, if sylphs and genii rove,
And speed benevolent the wish of love;

On *Clara*, ſure, the gentle beings tend,
They bid her ſighs the balmy gales aſcend,
Collect the wiſhes, catch the new-born thought,
And ſeek the lover, with their treaſures fraught,
In ſacred trance, the bliſsful ſtores impart,
Extatic tumult burſting on the heart.
Suffuſion mild, the phantoms of delight
Now melt in air, now ſwim before my ſight. 80

Oh may I ſoon my abſent *Clara* find,
Kind, gentle, true, like her within my mind;
The glowing portrait with my love compare,
And find that fancy painted her leſs fair;
In ev'ry glance, in ev'ry feature trace,
The treaſur'd ſemblance of remember'd grace.

No babbling tongue anticipate thine eyes;
Or rob thine *Edwin* of the glad ſurpriſe,
With ſpeechleſs joy to ruſh upon his love,
And ſeem ſome meſſenger, from heav'n above, 90
Unhop'd yet wiſh'd; his *Clara* to ſurvey,
Not ſad, but penſive; happy, tho' not gay;
On *Edwin*'s portrait while ſhe feeds her eye,
And heaves her boſom with a gentle ſigh;
Then ſtrain, with eager claſp, her bluſhing charms,
And fainting breathleſs ſink into her arms.

While crouding raptures ſcarce expreſſion find,
And floods of bliſs intoxicate the mind,

Nor hours of gazing can the eye-balls tire,
That melt and mingle in each other's fire; 100
Impatience wild, with hurried accent, pours
The ſweet account of all the ſever'd hours;
Of things moſt trivial, to th' unhappy ſoul,
Untouch'd, unbleſt, by love's divine controul.
To us, how diff'rent far;—what wiſhes thrill'd
The ſever'd hearts, what care the moments fill'd;
What darling form the ſecret ſoul poſſeſt;
The rich unfoldings of the mutual breaſt.

Vain hopes!—each day ſome diſappointment brings,
Some baneful cloud on youthful pleaſure flings. 110
I will not think it—but ſhould *Clara* change,
And love or int'reſt tempt her ſoul to range;
The faithful heart ſhall riſe to meet the blow.—
—One ſtab, one anguiſh, and a reſt from woe.

# ELEGY, THE SIXTH.

## WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

HENCE vain impertinence of taſtleſs joys,
The dance that ſaddens, and the feaſt that cloys;
Bright eyes, and ſnowy breaſts, that, taught by art,
Glance without ſouls, and heave without a heart,
While boaſted feelings candor's place ſupply,
And mild ill-nature hints th' imperfect lie!

My ſoul turns inward from the joyleſs train,
And feeds, in ſecret ſeeds, on treaſur'd pain.
Yes, I will ſearch my heart, and cull with care
Each bleſt remembrance of my *Laura* there; 10
Recall the voice, that thrills my trembling frame;
Recall thoſe eyes, that dart reſiſtleſs flame,
Whoſe living orbs, dear ſource of fond deſires,
A heart impaſſions, and a genius fires;
Recall each deed, with nameleſs graces fraught—
Yet why recall; why wake th' extatic thought?
Learn firſt, ah wiſely learn th' unfeeling part,
Blunt the fine ſenſe, and freeze the glowing heart;
And, while th' oblivious cloud obſcures the mind,
Loſe the bright track, her glories left behind. 20

Th' indulgent gods to favour'd man below
Thy healing balm, bleſt fickleneſs, beſtow;
Thee fools deery, and wretches blame amiſs,
Thou ſource perennial of ſtill-varying bliſs!
No tear unfeign'd is thine, no heart-felt pain;
But blue-ey'd pleaſures tend thy gorgeous train.
No tort'ring dreams invade thy tranquil reſt,
No ceaſeleſs tumults of the throbbing breaſt,
O thou ſweet envied pliancy of ſoul,
How gay the breaſt, that owns thy ſoft controul, 30
While tranſient forms, impreſt by female art,
Juſt faintly riſe, then vaniſh from the heart!

Be calm, my ſoul!—not thine this envied ſtate,
Devoted wretch of paſſion and of fate!
Still, hapleſs outcaſt, ſtill thine anguiſh bear,
Plunge in deep thought, or ruſh through venal care;
Join the mean croud, who barter love for gold,
And wed for wealth, the ugly and the old;
Or raiſe ſome humbler damſel to thy bed,
And buy that thing, a wife with daily bread, 40
Miſtake low artifice for fond deſire,
And cold ſelf-int'reſt, for love's hallow'd fire;
Then ſtart, and wake to agonizing pain,
When the dire contraſt, fires thy madd'ning brain,
Perhaps ev'n then ſome youth by nature bleſt,
By *Laura* lov'd—my ſoul ſuppreſs the reſt.
Leſt my heart burſt, impatient to be freed,
Or deſp'rate frenzy prompt ſome horrid deed.

Suppreſs the thought, and ev'ry art employ,
To build the fabric of ideal joy; 50
Think that you ſee her drop one pitying tear,
Think that you plead, and ſhe delights to hear;
But, oh, raſh fool, indulge no hope like thoſe,
Thy *Laura*'s breaſt is huſh'd in calm repoſe.
Thou, while no ſigh diſturbs her peaceful ſleep,
Muſt rage unpitied, and unpitied weep;
And, oh ye mighty pangs, awhile forbear,
While reaſon dictates one reluctant pray'r. 60
Still may indiff'rence, wiſdom's ſoft'ring friend,
O'er her cold breaſt the leaden ſhield extend;
In trivial joys her years uncounted fly,
And her ſoft boſom heave without a ſigh,
Nor feel, ſince apathy is bliſs below,
One throb for rapture, or one pang for woe!
What have I wrote?—my hand, eraſe the ſcroll—
Blot the raſh pray'r, that ſprings not from the ſoul—
Hence, prudence, hence—and form the bliſs of fools;
My ſubject breaſt a tyrant paſſion rules. 70

Untouch'd for years, I view'd the fair and young,
Join'd the light chat, or prais'd the tuneful tongue.
Bright eyes ſhone round; while I, unharm'd and gay,
Play'd in the blaze, nor felt their magic ray,
And oft I griev'd, that heav'n to me deny'd
Thoſe keen delights, that warm the world beſide.
But, oh, at length—fond eyes, forbear to flow,—
She came, the genius of my weal or woe—

Each fainter trace, her glorious form deſtroy'd,
And, like ſome god, her preſence fill'd the void. 80
Imbibe, my heart, imbibe the beam divine,
Catch ev'ry thought 'till all her ſoul is mine;
Till breaſt to breaſt the ſubtle flame imparts,
Seraphic converſe of united hearts;
Or madd'ning bliſs, from fiercer dreams ariſe,
And fancy give the joy that fate denies—
Forgive, my fair, forgive; nor coldly blame
The ſtrong aſpirings of a hopeleſs flame;
The meteor ray that o'er my darkneſs ſtole;
The dear delirium of my ſwelling ſoul; 90
The daring viſion, and intemp'rate pray'r;
Disjointed ravings of my wild deſpair.

Yet ſhould theſe lines my *Laura*'s boſom pain,
And frigid prudence blame th' advent'rous ſtrain;
Impoſe ſome penance for the crime, and prove
By ordeal fire the purity of love:
Thy friend ſubmits, content if thou art bleſt,
Nor weighs his mis'ry with his *Laura*'s reſt.
Nay ſhouldſt thou bid him ſhun th' enliv'ning light,
Which thoſe dear eyes pour on his raviſh'd ſight; 100
Howe'er blind fate may ſhape his deſp'rate way,
Reſign'd, tho' loſt, your lover ſhall obey.

# SONNETS.

Du reſte il enrichit d'une beaute ſupreme
Un ſonnet ſans defauts vaut ſeul un long poeme,
Mais envain mille auteurs y penſent arriver,
Et cet heureux phenix eſt encore a trouver.

BOILEAU.

# SONNET THE FIRST.

## From PETRARCH.

LONELY and penſive, o'er the deſert plains
I meaſure forth my ſlow and weary pace,
With wakeful heed, to ſhun th' unwelcome trace,
Or ſight of man;—his eye my boſom pains.
One only ſad delight, for me remains,
To hide myſelf from hated human face;
And feſtive peals, that ſacred muſing chace;
And noiſe, and idle gauds, and jocund ſtrains.
The rifted rock, the floods that hoarſely ſound,
Wild heath, or gloomy vale, or ſavage wood,
Are only conſcious how my being flows;
Yet not a path ſo deſolate is found,
But love is there, to drink my vital blood,
And mem'ry there, to goad the ſlumb'ring woes.—

## SONNET THE SECOND.

### To a Friend.

WELL mayſt thou aſk;—why this unſeemly guiſe,
The garb neglected, and the ſqualid hair,
The careleſs manners, and diſtracted air,
Eyes downward caſt, and falt'ring words and ſighs?
And why from mirth the ſullen ſpirit flies?—
To pleaſure, or be pleaſed, I little care.
Yet, not from nature, but from fell deſpair,
Ungentle thus, for me no pleaſures riſe.
Ah ſhe, for whom alone my doating heart
Deſir'd to pleaſe, who only could beſtow
Pleaſures on me, ah ſhe that heart diſdains,
And dooms my future life to weary woe.
But one ſad comfort can my ſtars impart;
The gloomy hope—to reſt in death remains.—

## SONNET THE THIRD.

DElights of youth, gay bow'rs, and ſparkling wine,
And dance, and vocal chord, and warbled ſong,
And beſt and chief delight, the ſocial throng,
Where Friendſhip's brighten'd eyes, with gladneſs ſhine,
As ſouls with ſouls, in ſtrict embrace combine!
How have ye borne my raviſh'd ſoul along!
How have I play'd your fairy bow'rs among!
Delights of youth, ah me, no longer mine.
One only wiſh my boſom hath poſſeſt,
One only object, *Clara*'s ſmile to prove.—
To me, the world in *Clara* ſeems confin'd.
In taſted joys, my ſoul can only find,
How vain all pleaſures, to the lovelorn breaſt.
Can only find, the *want of her I love.*

## SONNET THE FOURTH.

### Imitated from the 17th of PETRARCH.

THE glutton banquet, ſloth, and pleaſure's ſong,
Have ev'ry virtue chas'd from human kind,
And loos'd the ſinews of the mighty mind.
The tyrant faſhion bears the ſoul along;
  The rays of God, that dwelt the croud among,
Are hid from man to Stygian glooms reſign'd.
What meed—what honours ſhall the laurel find?
Or what the myrtle from the ſordid throng?
  And thou, divine *philoſophy*, whoſe lore
In trances wrapt the ſpirit to the ſky,
How loſt—how abject in theſe iron days!
  Yet dauntleſs *Clara* may thy ſpirit ſoar;
Spurn the vile croud, diſdain their ſenſeleſs cry;
And ſeek, within thyſelf, the worthieſt praiſe.

# SONNET THE FIFTH.

## To the SUN.

BLEST ſource of light, whoſe all-informing ray,
Creative energy, pervades the deep,
Or central veins, where pearls and diamonds ſleep;
Or ranges earth, and makes the meadow gay,
Or bids the vale its flow'ry hoard diſplay,
And leafy foreſts ſhade the barren ſteep,
Where happy birds their ſportive vigils keep;
Deſire, and love, and beauty mark thy way.
Nor leſs, the ſacred beam of *Clara*'s eye,
Where'er 'tis caſt, with precious influence fraught,
Matures the nobleſt brighteſt gems of mind,
The virtuous purpoſe, and exalted thought;
And bids the vernal blooms of genius riſe,
And high conceptions wed, in ſong combin'd.

## SONNET THE SIXTH.

### From PETRARCH.

IF the ſharp torments that on life attend,
If eager anguiſh and conſuming care,
That gnaw my heart, would ſo much being ſpare,
That I might ſee thy glorious ſun deſcend,
From beauty's zenith, and the ſilver blend
With golden treſſes ;—ſee that face ſo fair,
Reſign th' etherial tint, and eyes ſo rare
Their ſacred light ;—theſe baſhful fears might end.
I then might utt'rance for the paſſion find,
That raging fierce for days, and months, and years,
Eternal ſtorm, has vex'd my weary mind.
Pity perhaps, but riſing doubts and fears
Repreſs the thought. That darling hope reſign'd
Remains the late relief of ſighs and tears.

## SONNET THE SEVENTH.

PALE virgin moon, and ever-burning choir,
Ye lamps, that clip the throne of night around!
Oft, on my cheek, the ſorrows have ye found,
That burſt, in torrents, from the fierce deſire,
And flow, but vainly flow, to quench its fire:
Oft, have ye heard my bitter ſighs around,
Oft, ſeen deſpair my bleeding heart-ſtrings wound,
And double ſtrength from ev'ry wound acquire.
Oh ſpeak, for ye have ſeen what inmates dwell,
In the ſoft manſion of my *Clara*'s breaſt.
Does calm untroubled peace inhabit there?
Or, does her pity ſhare the pangs I bear,
And ſympathetic ſighs her boſom ſwell?
I wiſh—I fear—my ſorrows break her reſt.—

## SONNET THE EIGHTH.

WHAT time, ſoft ſleep enwraps the careleſs hind,
What time, the maſtiff bays around the fold,
And ſportive elves their moonlight revels hold;
With locks, that wav'd in ringlets unconfin'd,
And ſnowy ſtole, that wanton'd with the wind,
My *Clara* paſt methought—my love I told,
With ſalt'ring tongue—occaſion made me bold.—
Seraphic ſmiles confeſt a yielding mind.
Smooth gliding on, ſhe pointed to a grove,
Where wedded trees entwin'd in arbours roſe,
And *Philomela*, to the ſtarry throng,
With plaint melodious, told a virgin's wrong.
My heart beat quick, with eager throbs of love,
I ſeiz'd her hand—then waking found my woes.—

## SONNET THE NINTH.

WITH penſive joy, the moment I ſurvey,
When welcome death ſhall ſet my ſpirit free.
My ſoul, the proſpect brings no fear to thee;
But ſoothing fancy riſes, to pourtray
The dear and parting words my friends ſhall ſay:
With ſecret pride, the heaving ſighs I ſee;
And count the ſorrows that ſhall flow for me.
Methinks, I feel the fading griefs decay,
Dim-heard and ſeen.—perhaps, with moiſten'd eye,
*Clara* may ſee the ſad proceſſion move,
That bears me to the reſting place of care,
And ſigh—" poor youth! thy boſom well could love;
" And well thy numbers picture fierce deſpair;
" Oh bliſs!—to bring that hour ye moments fly,—

## SONNET THE TENTH.

WHY, mem'ry, thus the chearleſs labour ply?
Shall anguiſh only ſpeak thy magic pow'r,
And forms of ſorrow in thy paintings low'r?—
With pleaſures paſt, the void of thought ſupply,
That preſent ills may for a moment fly.
Recall the moonlight walk, the lonely bow'r,
The ſoft low whiſp'rings of the tender hour,
The mild compaſſion of the humid eye,
Where ambuſh'd loves in downward glances play,
The ſecret harmony, the beaming grace,
And lovelier charm of *Clara*'s poliſh'd mind.—
Oh wiſh improvident!—Thou doſt pourtray
The pleaſures paſt; but there no joys I trace;
Vain, vain regret, and bitter pangs I find.—

## SONNET THE ELEVENTH.

### The DREAM.

OH fatal dream! what forms of dire diſmay!
Frantic I range beneath the damps of night—
I ſate, methought, where death and pale affright
On *Clara* frown'd;—I ſaw the ſubtle ray
Of lip recede;—the lov'd the lovely lay,
Convuls'd with pain;—no more her eyes were bright,
Her ſoul, the gentle manſion of delight,
Was reft; the beauteous frame was turn'd to clay.
With piercing ſhrieks, I tore the ſilent gloom
Of awful night, the cruel fantom fled.
Yet ſcarce will fear my waking ſenſes truſt;
Still, ſtill, it paints thy beauties turn'd to duſt.
Oh *Clara*, *Clara*, wert thou with the dead,
Thy lover ſoon would follow to the tomb.

## SONNET THE TWELFTH.

### On my Intentions to write a TRAGEDY.

IN ſolemn ſtate, the Muſe of Mourning glides.
A magic phial in her hand ſhe bears;
Tis fill'd with pangs and ſympathetic tears.
" And go, my ſon, (ſhe cries) where pain abides,
" And ſorrow pours the never-ebbing tides.
" Behold, where Hiſt'ry in my train appears,
" With madneſs, rage, and agonizing fears;
" And wild Deſpair, the murd'rous ponyard guides.
" Go, weep with thoſe allow'd in narrow ſpan
" To croud the certain ſum of human woes,
" Who early labour'd thro' their taſk and ſlept,
" Sad happy fate; each form of anguiſh know;
" Then take this phial, pour it forth on man,
" And bid him ſhare the pangs, the wretched wept.

## SONNET THE THIRTEENTH.

WHAT high perſuaſion ſhall thy boſom move?
What ſtrong attraction lure thy gentle heart?
Of old, in numbers dwelt a magic art,
But now, alas, deſpis'd and vain they prove,
For female minds on wealth and grandeur rove.
Diſdain and pride from humble poets ſtart,
For they no gifts but idle rhymes impart,
And plain ſimplicity and artleſs love.
What gentle maid can gold and pomp reſign
And ſeek no treaſure but a faithful breaſt?—
Whoe'er thou art, oh wiſely gen'rous maid,
With mutual ardour be thy love repaid;
May ne'er unkindneſs break thy balmy reſt,
Freſh blooming joys and endleſs love be thine.

## SONNET THE FOURTEENTH.

### On the untimely Death of a young LADY.

SHALL then, my muſe, thy laviſh deſcant flow,
For tragic mourners and ideal pain;
And not a tear, and not a votive ſtrain,
Attend the reliques that in earth lie low.
My boſom choice, ah now my boſom woe;
Oh early loſt, oh found and lov'd in vain;
Our ſouls but join'd this parting to ſuſtain;
Thy wond'rous value by thy loſs I know.
Some leaden pow'r has ſeiz'd my voice and eyes;
It mocks the fullneſs of th' impaſſion'd heart,
And words and tears to burſting grief denies.
Yet theſe, my love, are but mechanic art.
The vulgar ſorrow ſpeaks in tears and ſighs;
Let ſilence, ſilence, grief like mine impart.

* This melancholy event happened when I had it in contemplation to write a Tragedy.

## SONNET THE FIFTEENTH.

### On the ſame Subject.

A grateful horror dwells along the plain,
And flitting clouds a tranſient darkneſs ſhed.
Penſive I ſeek the manſions of the dead,
And call the moon, and call the ſtarry train,
  And ſacred midnight, woo'd by am'rous pain,
When worldly toils, and worldly cares are fled,
When mild affliction hovers o'er the head,
And pours, ſpontaneous pours the ſolemn ſtrain.
  Hail, gothic cloiſters! hail, ye ſpires decay'd;
The yawning grave would little chill my breaſt,
The failing ſpectre ſcarce appall my heart,
  Fearleſs, by night, I rove your haunted ſhade.
The deſp'rate fortitude by grief poſſeſt,
At vulgar terrors knows not how to ſtart.

## SONNET THE FOURTEENTH.

On the untimely Death of a young LADY.

SHALL then, my muſe, thy laviſh deſcant flow,
For tragic mourners and ideal pain;
And not a tear, and not a votive ſtrain,
Attend the reliques that in earth lie low.
My boſom choice, ah now my boſom woe;
Oh early loſt, oh found and lov'd in vain;
Our ſouls but join'd this parting to ſuſtain;
Thy wond'rous value by thy loſs I know.
Some leaden pow'r has ſeiz'd my voice and eyes;
It mocks the fullneſs of th' impaſſion'd heart,
And words and tears to burſting grief denies.
Yet theſe, my love, are but mechanic art.
The vulgar ſorrow ſpeaks in tears and ſighs;
Let ſilence, ſilence, grief like mine impart.

* This melancholy event happened when I had it in contemplation to write a Tragedy.

## SONNET THE FIFTEENTH.

### On the ſame Subject.

A grateful horror dwells along the plain,
And flitting clouds a tranſient darkneſs ſhed.
Penſive I ſeek the manſions of the dead,
And call the moon, and call the ſtarry train,
  And ſacred midnight, woo'd by am'rous pain,
When worldly toils, and worldly cares are fled,
When mild affliction hovers o'er the head,
And pours, ſpontaneous pours the ſolemn ſtrain.
  Hail, gothic cloiſters! hail, ye ſpires decay'd;
The yawning grave would little chill my breaſt,
The ſailing ſpectre ſcarce appall my heart,
  Fearleſs, by night, I rove your haunted ſhade.
The deſp'rate fortitude by grief poſſeſt,
At vulgar terrors knows not how to ſtart.

## SONNET THE SIXTEENTH.

### On the ſame Subject.

SINCE, *Clara*, thou by death's untimely hand
Wert ſnatch'd from earth, neglected have I rov'd,
Nor peace, nor hope, nor joy, nor comfort prov'd.
A ſingle ſtranger here below I ſtand,
  Idle ſpectator of the buſy band,
By ſollies acted or by paſſions mov'd,
A naked wretch unloving and unlov'd;
And ſighs and fruitleſs tears the hours demand.
  Nor ſource of act, nor ruling aim remains;
For whom ſhall now my happineſs rejoice,
Or who ſhall gently ſorrow for my woes.
  One hope alone the tortur'd heart ſuſtains,
The grave to call me lifts it's awful voice;
" Oh come, thou mourner, and with me repoſe!"

## SONNET THE SEVENTEENTH.

### On the ſame Subject.

WHether on earth the bleſſed ſpirits rove,
And works of peace and charity fulfil,
Ere the laſt awful trump of judgment thrill
The mortal ear;—and kindly feelings move
In favour'd ſouls, aſſiſt the virtuous love,
And ward from innocence the ſudden ill;
Or ſeek the bow'rs, by many a ſapphire rill,
Immortal amaranth, that bloom above,
And round the inexpreſſive ſource of light,
With flaming miniſters, ſeraphic throngs,
Enjoy the fullneſs of the eternal one,
And chant to heav'nly harpings heav'nly ſongs;
Oh ſainted ſpirit, bend thy pitying ſight,
On me deſerted helpleſs and undone.

## SONNET THE EIGHTEENTH.

### On the ſame Subject.

SOME guardian pow'r my fainting ſoul ſuſtain,
The faithleſs muſe, like all our earthly friends,
The gariſh moment of delight attends,
But flies from woe, nor gives a ſoothing ſtrain,
To chear the mourner in his hour of pain.
To *Clara*'s tomb the ſun of pleaſure bends;
For ever ever, from his ſphere deſcends,
Dark dark; eternal pangs and woe remain.
Oh *Clara*, *Clara*, faireſt gentleſt mind!
The ſacred ſpark has left the mortal frame,
Too pure too bright with wretched man to ſtay;
It ſeeks th' almighty ſource of parent flame.
—And I—what hope what comfort ſhall I find?
Oppreſſive ſight, I curſe the loathſome day.

## SONNET THE NINETEENTH.

### Imitated from PETRARCH.

THE birds lament, with ſweetly warbled woe;
The thicket ruſtling whiſpers to the wind;
The lucid ſtreamlets hoarſely murm'ring flow,
As o'er the turf their mazy path they find.
Thrill'd with the anguiſh of a wounded mind,
Sighing I call, if ſighs of man below
May reach the bleſt above in heav'n enſhrin'd,
The lov'd, the loſt, the mourn'd, with ruthleſs blow
Whom death untimely reft.—in roſeat bloom,
Fair as in life, ſhe ſtands before my ſight.—
" And why in bitter ſighs thy days conſume,
" And pour forth briny floods the live-long night?
" Mourn not, I clos'd theſe eyes in earthly gloom,
" To ſhare the fullneſs of eternal light.

## SONNET THE TWENTIETH.

### On the Death of G. H.

IF parted ſhades, the body laid in mold,
Can view the living that in life were dear;
Poor vaniſh'd friend, how ſhall thy ſpirit bear,
To ſee theſe eyes their votive drops withhold?
Wilt thou not deem me, like thine aſhes, cold
To friendſhip's throb, and ſympathetic tear?—
Ah no, thou wilt not ſuch oblivion fear;
Our love was ſtill too mighty to be told.
Friend of my ſoul, and brother of my choice;
In looks, and ſmiles, and thouſand grateful deeds,
True love can ſpeak, without the aid of voice,
While friendſhip on the mutual friendſhip feeds.
The ſaints above with ſilent ſpeech rejoice,
Silent below, the widow'd anguiſh bleeds.

## SONNET THE TWENTY-FIRST.

OH vain and fleeting youth! oh lavish'd hours!
That little profit bring and little praise;
Ye faded visions of my youthful days,
Vain hopes, and dreams of love, and blissful bow'rs,
  Th' ideal paradise and airy tow'rs,
Where truant hope, with idle fancy plays,
'Tis o'er and past, the flatt'ring scene decays,
The settled gloom of stern despondence low'rs,
  Yet still my soul, a weary void retains;
It craves some good untry'd and unpossest,
Oh wretched fool! I thought that good was love,
  And dar'd its fiercest wild excess to prove.
The pleasure fled—ah me! the pang remains.
Thou, friendship, art the good—oh fill my breast.

## SONNET THE TWENTY-SECOND.

THO' I adore thee, like a thing divine,
Yet never have I dar'd to breathe my love,
Or hop'd that *Clara* ſhould my vows approve.
A ſtar thou art, that diſtant far muſt ſhine,
Which guardian fates for brighter ſpheres deſign.
Nor ſighs nor pleading tears ſhall pity move,
Nor buſy wiſhes o'er thy beauties rove.
My worthleſs heart could pay no price for thine,
And 'tis my all, tho' it ſhould pour it's blood.—
Yet proud of thee, I paint in boaſtive lay
The high-born wiſhes of th' ennobled heart,
And pour my pray'rs for *Clara*'s life and good;
While earth and heav'n the gen'rous flame ſurvey,
The conſcious triumph rich deſires impart.

## ADDRESS TO THE STARS.

YE ſtars, with chaſte and ſacred light,
Like *Clara* pure, like *Clara* bright,
Whoſe modeſt beams, like her retire,
And veil in night the beauteous fire;
Not ev'ry eye, not ev'ry mind,
Can trace your path, your order find;
Can tell the ſphere wherein ye roll,
Wherein ye circle round the pole;
Th' unletter'd croud ſhall coldly gaze;
And nothing but your ſplendor praiſe.

With graceful eaſe when *Clara* moves,
And ſmiles and looks a thouſand loves;
The vulgar throng ſhall only prize
The beauteous form, the radiant eyes.—
No, *Clara*, no—the ſlaves of gain,
Th' unfeeling, ſelfiſh, ſordid train,
Can ne'er thy worth, thy beauty ſee;
Muſt ne'er aſpire to loving thee.
Thy ſparkling wit, thy poliſh'd ſenſe,
Thy native artleſs eloquence—
Theſe are not charms, by heav'n deſign'd,
To captivate a common mind.

# VERSES TO CLARA.

## CLARA's Resemblance.

TELL me faireſt, tell me true,
Whence thoſe eyes of radiant blue—
From the humble dye that dwells,
In the vi'let's lowly bells?
From the ſky that *zephyr* cleaves?
From the web that *Pallas* weaves?
No—their hue full well I know,
In the ſteel of *Cupid*'s bow.
Azure, ſhining, like thine eyes,
Where'er it bends an arrow flies. 10

Whence, O whence, their living light,
Gently piercing, purely bright?
Not from ſun, or ſtarry choirs;
Thoſe are groſs and vulgar fires.
Sacred flame, the parent rays
On *Venus' Paphian* altar blaze;
Or in *Hymen*'s myrtle torch,
Gently light the nuptial porch.

Tell me, whence thy treſſes hold,
Ductile ſtreams of waving gold.— 20
What chymic ſkill, what teeming mines,
Lend the ore? and who refines?
Tell me—is their luſtre drawn,
From the yellow light of dawn,
Round *Aurora*'s head that beams,
Plays and curls along the ſtreams;
Or hides among th' enamour'd trees,
Or loves to thrid the vernal breeze?
No—from fine and ſubtle wires,
Trembling on the muſes lyres, 30
Plying, undulating, bright,
Soft inflection, various light;
Inſpiration to the throng,
Waking love, and waking ſong.

Did thy bluſh—my *Clara* tell,
With the orient morning dwell?
Or in Amaranthine flow'rs,
Blooming round the ſtarry bow'rs?
Did *Nature* there *Pomona* teach,
How to tinge the ripen'd peach? 40
There was *Flora*'s pencil try'd,
When the roſy bud ſhe dy'd?
No—in *Venus'* cheek it glows,
Smiling, bluſhing thee, ſhe roſe
Graceful, from the foamy tides,
There it ſpeaks, and there it bides,

Humble pride of conſcious charms,
Wiſhing, fearing, ſoft alarms.

Whence, the whiteneſs of thy breaſt,
Dear diſturber, of my reſt? 50
Does it ſnow, or *Parian* ſtone,
Lenders of that whiteneſs own?
Or the fleecy cloud that plays,
Borne on zephyr's wing, that ſtrays?
No—'tis ſofter, whiter, than
Fleece of lamb, or down of ſwan.
'Tis the plume, of *Venus* dove.
Firſt, 'twas pulck'd by little love;
Softeſt plumage of the breaſt,
Pluck'd to line his infant neſt.
Snowy white, and ſoft, and warm,
It kept the little god from harm. 60
Thee to grace, by fav'ring heav'n,
From the downy cradle giv'n,
Warm and bright the plumage came;
Soft, thy gentle breaſt to frame.
There, on beds of whiteſt roſes,
There, the god of love repoſes;
There, he baſks; and there he lies,
Spreading ſnares, for youthful eyes.

Whence, O whence, the living grace,
Not confin'd to ſhape or face? 70

Wand'ring, playing here and there
In ev'ry ſtep, in ev'ry air;
Meteor charm, a roving fire,
Waking kindling fond deſire;
To ev'ry organ, ev'ry ſenſe,
Gleams the quick intelligence;
Thro' lips, and fingers, ears, and eyes,
Bids the gentle madneſs riſe.
'Tis not, from the *Graces* three,
In thee, a thouſand thouſand be. 80
No, around thy tender breaſt,
*Venus* girt her magic *Ceſt*.
Thence, the pow'r of pleaſing flows;
Thence, the nameleſs beauty roſe;
Thence, the ſilent voice of eyes;
Eloquence, in ſmiles, that lies.

Many a ſpell, and many a charm,
Gave thee all the pow'r to harm;
Sent, with thee, the wiſhes down;
Made the little loves thine own. 90

Soft perſuaſion gave thee words,
Tun'd with *Phebus'* ſweeteſt chords;
Gave thee words of lambent fire;
Bade thee murmur fond deſire;
Thrilling ſoft, and ſoothing low,
Bade thy nectar'd accents flow;

Bade them flow, like lenient balm,
And the wounded ſpirit calm,
Softeſt, ſmootheſt, ſtreams of oil,
Healing grief, and healing toil.

*Flora* trim'd her woodbine bow'rs,
*Flora* wak'd her ſubject flow'rs,
*Flora* deck'd the laughing earth;
At the lovely maiden's birth.
Love and *Venus* hail'd the day.——
" Go thou darling of our ſway,
" Go, they ſaid, enchanting maid,
" Love's ſoft empire own, and aid."
Saffron-veſted *Hymen* came;
Round and round, he wav'd his flame; 110
And myſtic words he mutter'd then,
Of import, hid from mortal men.
Thus, celeſtials grac'd thy birth.
*Venus* ſent thee down to earth.
To earth, thou cam'ſt, upon a day,
When *April* went to ſport with *May*.

# THE BOUQUET FOR CLARA.

THE moving orbs of living ſnows—
I ſaw them ſink, I ſaw them ſwell,
As if, to meet the touch, they roſe,
Or panted for a voice, to tell
What kind and tender thoughts poſſeſt
The gentle heart, within thy breaſt.

To deck that manſion of delight,
Her painted treaſures *Flora* ſpread;
And ſome were clad in virgin white
And ſome in ſweet and modeſt red.
She vainly hop'd, her balmy ſtore
To thee might add a charm the more.

I ſaw the Graces round thee ſtand,
And cull the flow'rs, with curious art,
Contraſt the hues, with cunning hand,
And place their off'ring, next thy heart.
One myrtle branch, the flow'rs above,
Adorn'd thy breaſt—a type of love.—

The flow'rs were worn, the flow'rs decay'd.
(A little hour their life confines)
Not ev'n thy balmy breath can aid,
But each it's languid head declines.
Unfading, vig'rous, bright, and green,
The myrtle, on thy breaſt, was ſeen.

The pleaſures (like theſe flow'rs my fair)
That on our other paſſions wait,
Are worn, and quickly fade to care;
Are frail, and of uncertain date;
But myrtle-like, all freſh and green,
The joys of *Love* are ever ſeen.

# ON SYMPATHY.

SOME Fluids, if aright the chymists teach,
Contain such vital force, and heat,
(Tho' sep'rate, cold and lifeless each)
So closely draw, so fiercely meet,
That in the conflict of desire,
They chase the sudden fire.

And thus it is, with human souls; we find,
All conscious of the dear ally,
When mind has met a kindred mind,
It rushes to the mutual tie;
It springs the fond embrace to claim.—
They meet, they mix, they flame.—

# THE DIFFIDENT LOVER.

THOU know'ſt my love, altho' I never ſpoke;
Yet fear not, *Clara*, leſt thou ſhould'ſt know more.
At awful diſtance will I bear the yoke,
My ſilent zeal ſhall tremble and adore.
For well I know, thy gentle heart 'twould pain,
Should I compel thee to a juſt diſdain.

I will not tell ev'n paper thou art fair,
(Nor ſhall a ſonnet in thy praiſe be penn'd)
Nor breathe thy name ev'n to the midnight air,
Nor truſt my paſſion to my deareſt friend.
Exalted high-born flames (like mine) reprove
The rude expreſſions of preſumptuous love.

I'll mix in life, and labour to ſeem free,
With common perſons pleas'd and common things;
While ev'ry thought and action tends to thee,
And ev'ry impulſe from thy influence ſprings.
Thus, ſtars that ſeem at idle random hurl'd,
With ſecret duty, tend a viewleſs world.

Within my breaſt, which for its ſecret ſhrine,
Thy heavenly preſence guards and conſecrates,
Thine image, veil'd from ev'ry eye but mine,
Revolving fate, and better hours awaits;
When fortune's ſmile ſhall with my wiſhes meet,
And bid me pour my off'rings at thy feet.

Conceal'd within my proud diſdainful ſoul,
Like veſtal fire, the haughty flame ſhall live;
And ev'ry little ſordid wiſh controul,
And worth and virtue to my nature give;
A ſecret ornament, an inward grace,
To prove my paſſion of celeſtial race.

Or, like a treaſure, ſhall my paſſion lie,
For ever hoarded with a miſer's care,
I will not ſpend a mite in voice or eye,
But hide it ev'n from day-light and from air,
While oft, my ſoul within herſelf retires,
And counts, with ſwelling pride, her rich deſires.

# THE RESOLUTION.

1.

DEſponding youth, let hope thy cares beguile;
And learn to dreſs thine idol in a ſmile.
Muſt thy religion wear this ſullen air!
Ah muſt thou worſhip ſtill, with trembling and deſpair!

2.

For thee, poor bigot, not a comfort ſprings;
Nor promis'd pleaſures wave th' angelic wings.
But boldly ſpeak, nor ſilent thus deplore;
Her certain ſcorn and ſtate can ſcarce abaſe thee more.

3.

Are not her ſmiles (like common gifts of heav'n)
To ſtranger crouds, and ev'n her menials giv'n?
Demand her ſmiles—'tis no irrev'rent pray'r—
As men the common gifts of water, light and air.

4.

To others common gifts—but ah to thee,
A ſmile were rich and ſpeechleſs ecſtaſy.
Mere common light, to us, the ſunbeams ſhine;
The *Perſian* hails his God, and glows with love divine.

5.

Demand her ſmiles; thy pay, thy purchas'd right;
For days of anguiſh, and the ſleepleſs night;
For int'reſt ſlighted, the neglected mind,
And vaniſh'd hours that left no trace of good behind.

6.

For burning jealouſies, and bitter fears;
For ſtorms of ſighs, and floods of ſcalding tears;
For plaints ſuppreſt, and eyes forbid to rove;
And thouſand vain attempts to hide thy foolliſh love.

7.

For years, in raving, rhyming, frenzy paſt?
For all thy little talents run to waſte;
For wilder'd wiſhes, and for waking dreams,
That blaſt thy youthful years and mar thy fairest
ſchemes.

8.

For this fond boſom, that would pour its blood,
Nor knows a wiſh but for my *Clara's* good;
This ſoul, to her with ſuch devotion giv'n,
Her ſmiles might lure it back, tho' ſeraphs call'd from
heav'n.

9.

What ſtronger zeal in bigot heart can live?
What purer off'rings can a God receive?
Say ſhall not theſe one gentle ſmile obtain?
Then die—and dying hope, at leaſt a tear to gain.

# EPISTLE ON SENSIBILITY.

## To CLARA.

O Julie que c'eſt un fatal preſent du Ciel qu'une Ame ſenſible! celui qui l'a reçu doit s'attendre a n'avoir que Peine & Douleur ſur la Terre.

NOUVELLE HELOISE.

AH why my fair the burſting ſigh?
What gath'ring ſorrows cloud thine eye?
No tears haſt thou to break thy reſt;
Nor want nor care beſiege thy breaſt.
Oh check the penſive bent in time,
Nor ſlight the truth, tho' told in rhyme.
Ere yet the gleam that feeling throws,
To giants ſwells the tiny woes.
A magic glare, a ſhadowy light,
It cannot guide, but may affright; 10
While airy forms thro' fancy ſeen,
Are caſt and magnified on ſpleen.
But forge not thou, with fatal ſkill,
The phantoms of ideal ill.

Poſſeſſion dire, the ſeeling breaſt!
Its owner bids adieu to reſt.
No, not the *Spartan* boy renown'd
His living theft ſo fatal ſound.—
And hapleſs they, that proudly reach,
To gain whate'er the muſes teach, 20
Such ſtudies but exalt the ſmart,
And doubly melt the ſoften'd heart,
Abroad in vain for comfort roam,
But find what follies lurk at home;
Explore the mote, the ſtraw deſcry,
And blow them full in reaſon's eye,
Till ſpreading pangs the ſenſe inflame,
And vibrate anguiſh thro' the frame.
A gloomy picture, *Clara*; ſee
The pangs reſerv'd for you and me.— 30
And muſt conflicting paſſions roll
Tumultuous, thro' the harraſs'd ſoul?
Ah! muſt we, with refin'd diſdain,
Create th' occaſions of our pain,
And ſtill the weary wiſh employ,
To find th' unreal ſhores of joy,
While clouds of promis'd pleaſure riſe,
Mere fog-banks to delude our eyes?
A verdant iſle the miſt appears,
And ſeeming land the ſailor chears; 40
But, when in hope, he climbs the ſhore,
Where herbs his fainting limbs reſtore,

The prospect fades into the blast,
And boundless heaves the wat'ry vast *.

Thrice happy race! that wear the day
In dull serenity away.
A leaden calm existence flows;
Nor storm it fears, nor sunshine knows.
Their narrow views confin'd to pelf,
The paltry cares; the little self; 50
Benignant folly o'er them crouds
Th' unwearied atmosphere of clouds.
They do not loath the busy strife,
The weary nothingness of life;
While finer spirits prove the doom,
Ordain'd for parricides at *Rome*.
Ill-fated beings they, confin'd,
With natures of inferior kind;
The strutting cock, the forward ape,
Or fox obscene in human shape; 60
Possest with mutual fear and hate,
And yet conjoin'd by cruel fate.

What mighty spell, what magic art,
Shall gently lay the troubled heart?
In vain, the scorpion sting to shun,
To revel scenes may feeling run;

* See an account of this phenomenon in the Voyage thro' the South Seas.

The festal board, the youthful croud,
Where thoughtless ease and mirth are loud.—
The form of discontent is there,
Remembrance fell, and deadly fear.— 70
More vainly still, to calm it's rage,
Philosophy extends her page;
And puts the peevish mind to school,
To measure passion with a rule.

Experience brings a calm despair,
And tames the soul to grief and care.
The common lot of pain we know,
And bend with rev'rence to the blow;
Till callous grown, with many a wound,
The strokes of fate are harmless found.— 80
The stormy gloom, the dreary soil,
The wintry cave, the hoarded oil,
The drifted snows, the savage chace,
Have pleasures for the polar race.
Survey, my fair, th' unfeeling train,
And learn, like them, to love thy pain;
With *Lapland* tribes, enjoy the gloom;
Nor sigh to change it for the tomb.—

A painful cure, alas, and slow—
But trifles instant ease bestow. 90
Th' important nothing, serious play,
Can chace the wintry gloom away.—

Behold, with idle toils of rhyme,
How I beguile the weary time.
And thou (as ladies ſuit with care
The ribbands to the face and air)
Aſſume whatever folly beſt
Becomes the colour of thy breaſt.

The choice is made—methinks I ſee—
Thy folly love—thy play-thing me—
No meaner folly, ſure, can find
A place within that poliſh'd mind.
Thy play-thing wears a better ſhape,
Than ſquirrel, monkey, dog or ape.—
Yet theſe, with ſweet amuſive pow'r,
Conſole the fair in ſorrow's hour,
For loſs at cards, and broken vows,
A cruel ſire, and tyrant ſpouſe.

But to be grave—experience ſhows,
That joy ſucceeds imparted woes.—
Thy ſorrows, then, to me impart,
And, with thy ſorrows, give thy heart.—

# VERSES

## Written in the DARGLE in the COUNTY of WICKLOW.

HAIL fairy ſcenes, hail haunted ground,
Where elves and genii ſport around,
And hear the ruſhing water's fall,
Or echo to their revels call.

Oft will I to the haunts repair,
Where wild flow'rs ſcent the balmy air;
Where oaks adorn the ſhaggy brow
And torrents murmur hoarſe below,
Now white with foam, and burſting loud,
Now daſh'd to many a miſty cloud: 10
Or where the glaſſy ſurface ſleeps,
That blackens with o'er-hanging ſteeps;
And many a tree that downward bends,
And from the parent rock impends,
Appears to woo, with eager arms,
The river's coy diſdainful charms.

The hills their waving line unfold,
Retiring ſoft and ſwelling bold,

In many a ſhape, fantaſtic riſe,
And melt in azure to the ſkies.— 20
Here Phœbus, with a lover's heat,
Aſſails the *Naiads* coy retreat,
Between the mountains ſlopes his beam,
And plays in gold along the ſtream;
His vagrant light bewilder'd roves,
Or ſleeps enſnar'd among the groves.

'Twas here, perhaps, ſome chieftain bold,
Some mighty man, in years of old,
(Profaning friendſhip's hallow'd name,
When *England's* ſons inſidious came,) 30
Beneath the freeborn oaks, defy'd,
The fierce invader's tyrant pride,
And heard, in every breeze, from far
The ſhrieks of woe, the ſhouts of war,
And ſaw from far the ſignal fire,
On many a mountain's top aſpire.—
Around the chief, a hardy band,
Of fearleſs heart, and puiſſant hand,
(When pealing on the watch of night,
Loud came the roar of diſtant fight) 40
Have ſternly claſh'd the ſpear and ſhield,
And fiercely claim'd the promis'd field;
Then ruſh'd, a headlong torrent, down
To ſpoil the vallies once their own.—
Returning red with *Engliſh* blood,
Beneath theſe ſhades, perhaps, they ſtood;

Spread the rude feast, and shar'd the prey,
And heard the minstrel's solemn lay,
Recount the prodigal of breath,
The martial pride, th' illustrious death. 50

For here, in old heroic times,
The minstrel wak'd his lofty rhymes;
He tun'd the harp, he bade them flow,
Attemper'd to the stream below.—
When *England* would a land enthrall, *
She doom'd the muses sons to fall;
Lest virtue's hand should string the lyre,
And feed with song the patriot fire.
Lo, *Cambria's* bards her fury feel;
See, *Erin* mourns the bloody steel. 60
To such a scene, to such a shade,
Condemn'd, proscrib'd, the poet stray'd.
The warrior rais'd his buckler high,
To shade the son of harmony;
And while he sung with skill profound,
A grove of launces bristled round.

Oh still, methinks, these wilds retain,
The tokens of th' heroic train.

* *Spenser* in his Essay on the State of *Ireland*, among other measures for reducing this country to perfect subjection, proposes to extirpate the race of minstrels.

On ev'ry rock below above,
Engrav'd I read the patriot love; 70
And hear in ev'ry waving tree,
A voice that whiſpers liberty.
I read in ev'ry plant and flow'r,
"'Tis baſe to own a tyrant pow'r,"—
The ſtream that loudly roaring flows,
And o'er the rocks impetuous goes,
Would ſeem to chide, in fancy's ear,
The ſelfiſh aim, th' enervate fear.

A grateful horror dwells around,
The pow'rs are near—that awful ſound!— 80
And now, the myſtic forms I ſee;
The genius of each ſacred tree.
And you, ye ſofter tribes below,
That teach the burſting ſtream to flow,
I ſee you ſhoot athwart the glade,
Where moon light breaks the chequer'd ſhade.

Sweet rural pow'rs, be ever near;
With awful murmurs ſooth mine ear.
So, ne'er may gothic art invade,
So, av'rice ne'er profane the ſhade; 90
But taſte preſerve each ſacred oak,
Unconſcious of the woodman's ſtroke.
And Flora ſo perfume the plain,
And bring her ſweet tho' lowly train;

Not thoſe array'd in gaudy dies,
That proudly court the gazer's eyes;
Not thoſe that ſtately gardens love,
But humbler children of the grove,
Sweet as the maid that ſways my heart,
With baſhful charms that know not art, 100
Retirement mild, and graceful fear,
The modeſt bluſh, the dewy tear.

Sweet pow'rs, when thro' thoſe haunts I ſteal,
Your inſpiration let me feel;
And ſee the ſacred forms of ſong,
Or ſtately march, or glance along;
The frowning warrior's awful ſprite,
With ſword and mail of beamy light;
The regal pomp, the knightly train,
The marſhall'd hall, the lifted plain; 110
The virgin that untimely dy'd,
In vernal beauty's roſeat pride;
The youths that mourn'd her tomb around,
Whoſe faithful tears bedew'd the ground.
Oft let me parly with the ſhades,
That haunt by night theſe ſolemn glades.
And let ideal bards be near,
And airy harpings thrill mine ear,
Now burſting loud—now ſinking low—
As the varying breezes blow.
And may I oft a note retain,
And pour it thro' my penſive ſtrain.

Sweet ſcenes by nature ſure deſign'd,
A harbour for the penſive mind.—
Another *Sorgue* *—a new *Valcluſe*,
And here ſhall other *Petrarch's* muſe;
Renounce the world, their friends forego,
And baniſh joy, and cheriſh woe;
Exalt the bold ambitious mind,
To love the firſt of humankind, 130
And early clos'd in virgin urn,
Remember long and ſadly mourn.—
Oh boding muſe avert thine eyes,
For that way—that way madneſs lies.—
Oh never may I know the pain,
Oh never pour ſo ſad a ſtrain.

* *Sorgue* a river running by *Avignon* in *Provence*, where *Laura de Neves* the miſtreſs of *Petrarch* was born.

# VERSES TO A LADY,

## Occaſioned by her having praiſed my POEMS.

WHAT golden meed, what verdant bays,
Can win the human heart like praiſe!
It ſeizes, fills, transforms the ſoul;
'Tis *Comus'* wand, or *Circe's* bowl.
But ſweeteſt far the ſiren ſong,
From woman's faſcinating tongue.

What wiſdom can thy magic ſcape,
Thou flattery in the faireſt ſhape?
A mighty ſpell, with ſubtle force,
It changes ev'ry vital courſe.
The high-bred aims, an airy band,
And ſcorn and pride around thee ſtand.
'Tis thine the wildeſt hopes to breed;
To bid us dare the boldeſt deed,
And ſcorn repoſe, forego delights,
For *Dedal* plumes, *Icarian* flights.
Allur'd by thee, we madly ſound
Th' unmeaſur'd depth, th' abyſs profound;

Or brave the *Roman Curtius'* fate,
*Cerberean* howl, or *Stygian* gate.

When ſuch the pow'r of female praiſe,
Think, what a tumult thine muſt raiſe!—
The firſt of ſouls—but I forbear—
(Thy friends, not thou, that ſtrain muſt hear)
What tumults raiſe within the mind,
That feels each note of womankind!
And ſuch is mine, attun'd by heav'n,
To ſound each chord by woman giv'n.

Enchanting praiſe; before this hour,
I never never knew thy pow'r;
I never knew what high reward,
Attends to crown the favour'd bard.
Tranſporting fever of the ſoul!
What prudence ſhall thy heat controul?
I feel again the wonted fires;
I ſee th' imaginary lyres;
To tempt my hand, they float around,
With ev'ry breeze they ſeem to ſound.

The muſe her viſits long forbore;
And I her fatal gifts forſwore;
Alike *Miranda*'s voice we hear;
I call the muſe, and find her near.—
*Miranda* yes, at thy command,
She comes with all her virgin band.

Around her airy notions fly,
And viſions bright, and raptures high.
Unbodied forms of being throng,
And wait, to riſe, and breath in ſong.
But gentler, milder, than of yore,
They teem with ridicule no more.
*Miranda* chides the ſaucy muſe,
And bids her themes of kindneſs chuſe.
No deſcant vain, no wanton ſound,
No cauſtic rhyme, no ſportive wound,
For her I weave the votive wreath,
And not a thorn ſhall lurk beneath.
No plant it boaſts, of odour rare,
Exotic growth of art and care.
But ſimpleſt wildeſt native flow'rs,
That freely ſpring in vacant hours,
Yet pois'nous weeds ſhe need not fear,
Nor ſpiteful waſp ſhall neſtle there.

To thee *Miranda*, thee belong,
Theſe firſt-fruits of returning ſong.
Oh were the ſtrain but worthy thee,
Thy bard might then immortal be.

# O D E.

## To CLARA, occasioned by her looking pale.

1.

WHAT various fetters love contrives,
The captive heart to bind!
In soothing speech full oft he flows,
And oft in modest blushes glows;
Full oft within a dimple lives,
Or more retir'd, within a mind.
Surely, *Clara*, sure in thee,
The fullness of his mighty reign we see;
For what, in other maids, would prove
To passion death, in thee, redoubles eager love.

2.

No, never never, magic fair,
Ne'er did thy blooming grace
Such a resistless charm impart,
Or seize with such a force my heart,
As does thy faint and languid air,
As does thy pale and faded face;
Not the roseat blush of health,
That went and came, with sweet alluring stealth,
Rais'd such whirlwinds of desire;
And tore my madding soul, with such impetuous fire.

# THE SPLENETIC.

FORSAKE, thou wretch, forſake thy bow'rs of air;
And ſit retir'd within thy own deſpair.
There call repinings, fears, and ſorrows round;
And tear with ceaſeleſs hand thine aching wound.
No more purſue the meteor form of good,
That dances on the verge of ſorrow's flood,
Allures the pilgrim from his native land,
Gilds ev'ry ſpot, but that whereon we ſtand,
And fraudful gleams, above, around, below,
To tempt the footſtep, to the latent woe. 10

Oh let me learn, my wiſhes to controul,
And baniſh hope, the ſiren of the ſoul.
Why ſhould the buſy world my thoughts employ?
It's ſmiles, it's bounties I ſhall ne'er enjoy.
Purſue my ſoul, purſue thy ſullen bent;
And brood, in ſilence, o'er thy diſcontent.

Oh bear me, fortune, from the ſelfiſh train,
To lonely foreſts and the pathleſs plain;

Far from the world, and all it's odious rules,
The ſordid touch of hypocrites and fools; 20
From the fell prudence, and the ſcornful gibe,
The brutal wiſdom of the little tribe;
The baſe ſuſpicions, and the ſordid art,
The creeping cunning and the narrow heart.
Better to talk to echoes and the wind,
Than men, that want the feelings of mankind.

Lay me, where trees o'erſhade the mountain waſte,
And meet with knotted arms the chiding blaſt;
In glooms unbroken, where the chearing ray
And healthful breeze had never leave to ſtray; 30
Where from the chinky rock the ſtreamlets flow,
And ſmooth as oil run trickling down it's brow,
Then roll collected in a ſullen ſtream,
That never wanton'd with the noon-tide beam.

Come, gentle ſorrow, fold me in thine arms;
Let meditation riot on thy charms.
A miſtreſs, thou, ſevere at firſt and coy,
Whoſe tardy kindneſs gives a double joy;
A joy beyond what youthful lightneſs pours,
When wit and frolick lead the wanton hours. 40
The feeble ſpirit flies from ſorrow's frown,
The braver meets, and courts her for his own.
The gloomy ſoul my natal hour beſtow'd;
When heav'n, in malice, cry'd "be poor and proud;

" The feeling heart thou destin'd wretch receive,
" Receive the proud prerogative to grieve;
" Torment thy bosom, with sagacious skill,
" And magnify by art thy share of ill."

Well has my soul fulfill'd the stern decree;
And mourning, since, hath been a feast to me, 50
And let me bless the doom—habitual woe
Imparts a joy, th' afflicted only know.
But ne'er at poverty, my soul, repine;
Nor sigh for happiness, if ease be thine;
Self-center'd ease, that haughty spirits bear,
Who little have to hope, and less to fear.—
No more the sport of brute exterior things,
Whate'er I am, within the mind it springs.

The vale of life with rising mists is fraught,
And distant goods seem larger than they ought, 60
While hope, the meteor hope, in pallid streams,
On gloomy being shoots her sickly beams;
Sufficient light to draw the wretch astray,
Yet all too weak to chear his devious way.
But I have learn'd my wishes to command,
And turn'd my foot from fortune's fairy land.
The muses wait to soothe my little pride,
And give th' importance by the croud deny'd;
Too proud and idle for the toils of art,
The feeling paint, and versifie the heart. 70

Come gentle muſe, I know thy mighty pow'r,
To glance a ſunbeam on the darkſing hour.
I call thee not, to paint the virgin's ſmiles,
Her glowing wiſhes, and her tender wiles,
The ſecret raptures of the ſhady grove,
The dimpled charms, the revel band of love.
Oh not for me, the fullneſs of thy beams,
Thy golden trances, and thy godlike dreams.
Yet throw the veil of fancy o'er my breaſt,
And ſing the fierce and wakeful care to reſt; 80
While to the page, as to a brother's ears,
I bring my hopes, my wiſhes, and my fears.

For earthly good if yet a pray'r aſcend;
'Tis, grant me heav'n the ſoothings of a friend.—
Oh may I ſtill ſome virtuous ſpirit find,
To keep alive my rev'rence for mankind;
Some breaſt untainted, in this iron age,
With creeping cunning, or ambitious rage.
He, with reluctant yet diſcerning eyes,
Shall ſee and mourn my follies as they riſe; 90
While ev'ry weakneſs that his eyes explore,
By claiming pity ſhall endear me more.
To his kind care ſhall I commit my will,
To mold and faſhion it with tender ſkill;
My lurking faults, my very dreams impart,
And put that man, within my heart of heart.
He, thro' this waſte of folly, noiſe and ſtrife,
This weary wilderneſs of wretched life,

Shall ſtay my wand'rings with aſſiduous hand;
And guide my footſteps to the promis'd land.
The ſtreams of wiſdom ſhall my thirſt allay,
His words, like manna, feed me on the way.

# THE SAMIAN PHILOSOPHER.

THE woodland choir their homage pay,
Their votive hymn to genial day.
Thrice-happy warblers of the grove,
That tune the careleſs ſtrain of love;
Ye woo, without an *Ovid's* art,
And wanting ſpeech, yet ſpeak the heart.
And better can ye love, I ween,
Than ev'n the peaſants on the green;
And better ſing, a thouſand times,
Than thoſe that tag poetic rhymes;
And better ſpeak, than thoſe that ſport,
And liſp, and amble, in a court.

Ye innocent and happy race.
Well may ye ſhun the human face.
From tyrant man ye juſtly flee,
His very ſports are cruelty.
All, all that live his fury find,
But moſt 'tis felt by human kind.
Sweet innocents, your ſports purſue;
'Twere greater crime to injure *you*,
Than man's remorſeleſs cruel train,
For ever bent on guilty gain.

Ah gentle ſongſters, could you know;—
From me your terrors vainly flow:—
You ſafe might pitch, and freely ſtand,
And tune your notes upon my hand.
Heav'n knows my heart, I would not wound,
The meaneſt worm that crawls the ground.
I almoſt hold that gentle lore,
The ſage of *Samos* taught of yore,
In you the reas'ning ſoul we find,
Too ſeldom ſeen in human-kind;
The thinking ſpirit nature gave;
And ſhall it periſh in the grave?
Inſcrib'd a trace of knowledge there,
And bade it forms of virtue * bear;
And ſhall we think th' imparted ray,
Of heav'nly eſſence, caſt away?
No—ſpirits chas'd from human earth,
In you receive a ſecond birth,
Pervade the grove, diſplay the wing,
And fondly pair, or ſweetly ſing.

There lives not beaſt, in field or wood,
There ſwims not fiſh, in lake or flood,
There ſoars not bird, nor ſinks profound,
There crawls not worm, along the ground,

* Cicero obſerves that the brute creation have *ſimulacra virtutum*, the ſhadows or ſemblances of virtues.

But all, beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, find
Some parallel in human kind.
Yes, *Porta*, to thy truth I ſwear;
In ev'ry beaſt, ſome man is near,
And to be unreſerved and free,
In many a man, ſome beaſt I ſee.
I goats and monkeys ſee, by dozens,
All brute creation are my couſins.

The lark that ſinging ſoars on high,
(The Lyric poet of the ſky)
With thrilling cloſe and meaſur'd ſwell;
In him, perhaps, a bard may dwell;
And tow'r above the ſelfiſh throng,
And tune again his heav'n-taught ſong.

The bird that ſhuns the gariſh light,
And ſooths with melting ſtrains the night;—
Sweet nightingale, methinks in thee,
Some modeſt penſive youth I ſee,
Who brooded o'er his treaſur'd woe,
And bade the love-ſick numbers flow,
Not vainly ſhrill, nor harſhly loud,
Nor ſtudious of the vulgar croud.
My brother ſure, O ſwell the ſtrain,
Attune thy warbled griefs again.
When *Dian* leads the choir of night,
And robes the flood with trembling light,

Thy descant bath'd in sorrows bring;
And while I sigh in cadence, sing,
So may the fays and elfin throng,
By moon-light hail thy gurgling song;
So may the glow-worm guide thy love,
To meet thee in the darkling grove.

Perhaps, not distant is the day,
When I the common debt shall pay;
And rise aloft on founding wing;
Or seek the grove, or nightly sing.
Oh never be my soul confin'd,
In any bird of cruel kind.
No deadly pounce to me be giv'n;
No murd'rous beak assign'd by heav'n.
Nor let me range for blood and spoil;
Nor fiercely love the martial toil
But far from man, and mischief flee;
The bird of peace, and liberty.

# EPISTLE THE THIRD.

## Part of a LETTER to a FRIEND.

HE that repines without a cauſe,
A juſt rebuke from Fortune draws.
To quarrel with the lady bent,
I found her ſpite where none was meant;
Nay, froward as a cocker'd child,
Exclaim'd and curſt her when ſhe ſmil'd.
She juſtly comes, with alter'd mien,
And ev'n to ſurfeit, crams my ſpleen;
She ſteeps vexation in my cup,
And makes me drink the potion up.

Revengeful dame, I feel thy rage,
'Twould try the patience of a ſage.—
Patience, I hate thy paltry name,
Thou poor pretence to Stoic fame;
Pale ſiſter thou of Prudence art,
Go, to the wretch who wants a heart;
Or, calm in monumental ſtone,
Some widow's grief, for cuckold gone.

Thy proudeſt doctor's utmoſt pride.
Is feeling or to want, or hide;
In certain weapon-ſalves they deal,
And balm the ſword, the wound to heal;
The wholeſome burſt of grief reſtrain,
Then boaſt a conqueſt over pain.
Go Patience, go to prating ſchools,
Of Stoic fops and letter'd fools;
Th' unfeeling little need thy love,
Alas, the feeling never prove.

But thanks to heav'n, to me 'tis known,
To make a *Patience* of my own.
She ſprings, like *Pallas*, from my head,
Conceiv'd of Sorrow, born and bred.—
Ev'n troubles that the mind employ,
To me impart a gloomy joy.
To me moſt painful is the void,
When nought is done, purſu'd, enjoy'd.
Then, then, the ſelf-upbraidings riſe;
I view myſelf with hoſtile eyes;
Then on herſelf the ſpirit preys;
The paſſions wage inteſtine frays;
The witch Deſpondence calls to view
Imagin'd miſchiefs, worſe than true;
Remoſe evokes, with magic ſong,
The follies paſt, a hateful throng;
They toſs their ſnaky whips in air,
And laſh the ſpirit to deſpair.—

Misfortunes ſcare th' ideal train;
The mind's her ſober ſelf again,
Awaken'd by the friendly blow,
From ſome ſtrange viſion full of woe.
Vexations, better far than ſalts,
Can ſlip ſluggiſh blood that halts,
Arouſe each energy of mind,
And all the ſlacken'd man re-bind.

# THE ORANGERY,

## TO A LADY.

BEHOLD the forc'd exotic grove,
Of trees that wither in a ſtove;
Where art would rival nature's pow'r,
And deals it's mimic ſun and ſhow'r.—
How diff'rent from the growth they riſe,
Of native plains, and happier ſkies;
How tall the free-born plants are ſeen;
What vig'rous ſhoots; what lively green,
Exub'rant health, their fruit how fair!
Their flow'rs perfume the balmy air. 10

Yet more unlike than theſe, we find
The firſt fruits of th' impaſſion'd mind,
And forc'd affections, rais'd by art,
Amidſt the winter of a heart.
Exotic tranſports, where diſguiſe
The gen'rous heat of love belies.

Celeſtial twins, of beauteous frame,
Attend to bleſs the free-born flame;

Their mother freedom, love their ſire,
Complacence mild and quick deſire; 20
Tho' young they ſeem, and tender boys,
The parent each of thouſand joys,
Begot, in many a fond embrace,
On hours that wing their ſtealthy pace.
Theſe bid the varied raptures fly,
From breaſt to breaſt from eye to eye.
Electric flame, the joy pervades
Enamour'd youths, and yielding maids;
The heart-felt beam of radiant ſmiles,
And ſoothing words and playful wiles. 30
But ſtern confinement bids the heart
Suſpicion learn and ſordid art;
And ſep'rate hopes and wiſhes bear,
And jealous doubts and jaundic'd fear.
Remorſe is there, and diſcontent,
Offence conceiv'd, where none is meant,
And mean diſguiſe, and baſe diſtruſt,
Reproaches loud, and vain diſguſt.

Capricious love is light as air;
He flies from art, he flies from care; 40
He flies from wiſdom and diſguiſe,
But moſt of all, from bondage flies.
The gentleſt ſouls at bondage ſtart,
And mourn the violated heart.
The mutual ſpark, the genial ray,
The ſacred energy decay.

Their fetters ev'ry thought employ,
And poison all the rising joy.
This, only this, they hear and see,
This only feel, they are not free.— 50
With what despair they count the hours!
Around, what fell despondence low'rs!
What secret anguish rives the breast!
What smiling woes, what sighs suppreſt!
Their mournful virtue's utmost pride
Is but the mutual pang to hide;
Hypocrisy shall duty prove,
And they must feign, who do not love.

# VENUS AND ADONIS.

WHEN beauty's queen, in all her charms,
Took young *Adonis* to her arms;
Left dimpled *Naiad*, from the flood,
Or ſprightly *Dryad*, from the wood,
Should tempt the beauteous boy to ſtray,
Or lure him from her gentle ſway;
With jealous care, the queen deſign'd,
To keep the darling youth confin'd,
Enchain'd with many a pearly band;
And for her thrall, a bow'r ſhe plann'd. 10

A myrtle hedge, a lofty mound,
Enclos'd the bliſsful priſon round.
To deck the garden nature wrought,
As fancy wak'd creative thought.
The roſy dawn, the ſportive hours,
His temples wreath'd with ſweeteſt flow'rs.
The playful loves, the feather'd boys,
His ſpirit bath'd in nectar'd joys.
Thro' bow'rs of bliſs they bade him ſtray,
And love, and love, the livelong day. 20
They wak'd, with many a thrilling dart,
The poignant pleaſure, pleaſing ſmart,

That throb and ſwell in every vein,
And touch the giddy verge of pain.

The bow'r was bright, the goddeſs fair;
But lovers ſhould be free as air.
The youth amidſt his pleaſures pin'd;
So dear is freedom to the mind.
Nor *Venus*' charms nor *Venus* love,
The riſing diſcontents remove. 30.

Together in the groves they ſtray'd;
Together in the fountains play'd;
And every day rejoic'd to prove,
Some novel forms of happy love.
Like fiſhes gliding thro' the ſtream,
Their limbs diffus'd a dewy beam.
Diſſolv'd they lay on beds of flow'rs;
Or ſlept entranc'd in roſeat bow'rs.
Her auburn locks were o'er him ſpread;
Her iv'ry arm ſuſtain'd his head. 40
Their coral lips together grew;
The balmy breath together drew.

In vain their loves, in vain their play;
Nor charms nor kindneſs bribe his ſtay.
He languiſh'd for his native plain,
The rural ſports, the village train.

A mortal grief consum'd the boy;
His sorrow poison'd *Venus'* joy.

" Why beauteous mortal, why that tear?
" What inward sorrow dost thou bear? 50
" Thou little knowst my various arts,
" To pour delight on human hearts.
" Do pomp and wealth thy cares demand,—
" Receive thy wish from *Venus'* hand.
" Far other boon I love to show'r,
" Yet know, that these are in my pow'r;
" These anxious gifts empoison joy,
" Yet speak, and win them beauteous boy.
" Does length of days thy soul engage,
" Our loves shall last an endless age; 60
" *Tithonus'* years shall pay thy truth,
" And *Hebe* shall impart her youth.
" Where doth thy wayward fancy dwell?
" Oh tell me, beauteous mortal, tell.
" From *Venus* dost thou seek to rove?
" Some happier mortal dost thou love?
" Come, give thy sorrows to my ear;
" No stern rebuke from *Venus* fear.
" The loud reproach let *Juno* vent,
" And fill all heav'n with discontent, 70
" Domestic jars, and jealous strife,
" And play with *Jove* the very wife;
" But *Venus* knows no cruel arts;
" She scorns to wound ev'n rebel hearts."

His cheek ſuffus'd in crimſon dye,
He falter'd freedom with a ſigh.
"Give me, again to range the wood,
" To rouſe the boar, or ſwim the flood.
" Give me, amidſt the rural throng,
" To hurl the diſk, or tune the ſong." 80

" The tribute of th' unwilling heart,
" Can little joy to me impart.
" Oh let me not thine anguiſh ſee,
" Depart, my beauteous thrall, be free."

He left the queen in beauty's pride,
He chas'd the ſavage boar, and dy'd.—

THIS MORAL learn from hence ye fair.
In vain, ye ſtrive, with jealous care,
By baſe mechanic chains to bind,
The mutual wiſh, the free-born mind. 90
Not all the varied pow'rs of love,
Not bow'rs where rival pleaſures ſtrove,
Not heav'nly joys in *Venus'* arms,
Had force to give a priſon charms.

# THE SIRLOIN.

## Written in the Year 1770.

HENCE hungry Highlander,
On barren *Scotia's* ſalvage mountains born,
'Mongſt ragged goats forlorn,
Where tempeſts yell, and want and famine wander.
And hence, of mighty maw,
The ſportman eager, and beef-loving prieſt,
Mute-brooding o'er the feaſt,
Who heap the plate, exhauſt, and heap again,
Nor will diſcourſe maintain,
But eat and eat, with never-wearied jaw. 10

Hail the train, ſo frank and free,
In heav'n yclept *good company*,
And by mortals here, *choice ſpirits*,
Of noiſy fame and jovial merits.
When he war declar'd with *ſpleen*,
Round *Lyæus'* banners ſeen,
Firm ye ſtood, a gallant band,
*Good-humour* ſecond in command.

Young *Lyæus* ivy-crown'd,
When from *Ind*'s remoteſt bound, 20
Foaming tygers whirl'd his car,
Claim'd this laſt and nobleſt war.
Each man arm'd him with a glaſs,
Caught for ſhield a pretty laſs;
Martial peals decanters rang,
Smacking corks the ſignal ſang;
All the night, and all the day,
Ye chac'd the murky foe away.

Hail the laughing youth and loud,
Hail the merry-making croud, 30
Hail the face that ever ſmiles,
Hail the breaſt that ne'er beguiles;
Come with revel, come with ſong,
Lo, the *Sir Loin* haſtes along.

*Sir Loin*, hail! I tune for thee,
Strains unwonted bold and free.
*Sir Loin* fair! Oh never ſtand,
But before the ſocial band.
Such with old *Anacreon* quaff'd,
Such with little *Horace* laugh'd, 40
And with ſuch, in merry bout,
Gay *Chaulieu* defied the gout.
Never for the churliſh breaſt,
Be thou with horſe-radiſh dreſt;

Ne'er may tongue that would deceive,
Taſte the pleaſures thou canſt give.
Thee may revelry and laughter,
Sport and frolick follow after,
Every darling imp of pleaſure,
Every child of wit and leiſure. 50
Gay device and raill'ry mild,
Whimſey quaint, and frolick wild,
Droll conundrum, ſilly pun,
Sudden trick, and harmleſs fun,
Double meaning bring along,
Smutty tale, aud waggiſh ſong.

Produce bleſt, of *Albion*'s iſle,
And my lov'd *Iernian* ſoil;
Lo, thy praiſes wide I ſend,
(*Britons* to the ſtrain attend.) 60
Thee the God of plenty bore
To the king of *Britain*'s ſhore,
His fav'rite diſh; in *James*'s time,
Plain meat was not held a crime.
The God, in guiſe of yeoman tall,
Paſt along the crouded hall;
And with portly mien and bland,
Gave thee to the monarch's hand.
The well-known diſh the king ſurvey'd,
And drew forth the ſhining blade; 70
He wav'd it thrice, with gentle tap,
Thrice impos'd the knightly flap.

And worthier thou that high reward,
And worthier thou a king's regard,
Than half the titled bands, I ween,
At courtly masque, or banquet seen.

Thee in *Calais*, fair to view,
Manner-painting *Hogarth* drew;
When to Madam *Grandsire* wending,
Many an eye thy course attending, 80
Thee the pursy monk addrest,
Welcom'd into *France*, and blest.
Wonder shirtless *Frenchman* fill'd,
Anguish heart of *Sawney* thrill'd,
*Thady* gap'd in longing mood,
Spill'd his soup, and pensive stood.
Gash'd by sportsman's desp'rate knife,
*Thomson* gave thy wounds to life.
Pickled in his matchless lay,
*Sir Loin*, thou shalt ne'er decay; 90
By summer suns untainted rise,
Nor fear the breath of envious flies.
Oft in winter at thy side,
May thy lov'd plumb-pudding bide;
Near thee by the parson bedded,
And with nuptial blessings wedded;
Sapient parson, thou canst see,
How viands meet, and tastes agree.
In it's place, of sprightly green,
Be in summer, sallad seen. 100

When the daily task is done,
And when downward slopes the sun;
May the *Sir Loin* meet mine eye,
And the pleasing friend be nigh,
Skill'd to touch with varied art,
Every key-note of the heart;
Counsel sage, instruction sweet,
Let him mix with sportive wit;
Drolling, mimicking, and singing,
Jest from ev'ry object bringing, 110
Let him fling his gibes about,
And keep a merry world of rout.

By my side, devoid of care,
Sit the not ill-natur'd fair,
Yielding, with submission coy,
Sportive kiss, and am'rous toy,
Let her laugh, and let her sing;
Let her meaning glances fling,
Where the soft delicious harms,
Call the spirits up in arms, 120
Crouding all from ev'ry part,
Meeting, throbbing, at the heart.
Be the slily-speaking smiles,
Fill'd with love's enchanting wiles;
And with love's extatic sighs,
Often let her bosom rise,
Gently that her breasts may heave;
Thus the cygnet on the wave,

Rising high, and sinking low,
Does the snowy pinions bow. 130

Hunger, *Sir Loin*, chac'd by thee,
From the merry crew doth flee.
But it rives my very heart,
When I see my friend depart.
How I mourn thy alter'd state,
Reft of figure, size, and weight,
Hack'd and hew'd with many a wound,
And in floods of *Ichor* drown'd,
Streams from wounded beef that flow,
*Gravey* call'd by men below! 140
Thus some doughty chieftain yields,
Slowly from contested fields.

Yet shall thou thy post regain,
And again the fight maintain.
Thou again shalt venture up
Cold, when we're dispos'd to sup.—
Mean while brimming healths go round;
Brilliant sentiments resound.
Ev'ry lad and every lass
Drinks in wit at ev'ry glass, 150
And sends it back in sally free,
Of humour quaint, and repartee.
Here and there, with harmless hit,
Flies the bounding ball of wit.
Then, let many a pretty play,
Wear the ev'ning quite away;

Such as cuſtom ſage adviſes,
Or ſome witty maid deviſes.
Running over ſentence long,
Fitly fram'd to trip the tongue, 160
Proverbs, crambo, purpoſe croſs,
Spaniſh merchants gain and loſs,
Simile, command, and queſtion;
Or the more to help digeſtion,
Games of ſomewhat rougher kind;
Shuffle-brogue, the whiſtle find,
Neighbour I'm come to torment,
Hide and ſeek of fond intent,
Blind-man's buff, and cockles hot,
Fool i' the middle; and what not. 170

Nor ſeldom let the fiddle call
Us to dance, in ſpacious hall,
In the jig and country-dance,
We to ſprightly notes advance;
Till, in fuller briſker tides,
Ev'ry vital current glides.

Now the *Sir Loin* comes again,
Welcome gueſt, in ſupper's train;
And again the merry rout,
Talk, and frolick, jeſt, and flout; 180
Or in jolly jolly ſong,
Joins the merry-making throng.
Thus we laugh, and thus we ſing,
Till the midnight bell do ring.

Then to the well-made bed anon,
If the drowſy fit be on.
Let glowing embers, on the hearth,
Wear a blazing face of mirth;
And chearful tapers, thro' the room,
Diſſipate the wintry gloom. 190
But, O dear fancy, that thy pow'r,
Might call ſome charmer to my bow'r;
And bid the kind and gentle fair,
Deign with me my bed to ſhare.
Me the ſocial days delight;
Doubly me the ſocial night.
May ſilence tiptoe tread the floor,
And truſty *Venus* guard the door;
May the little loves around
Draw the curtains, 'till profound 200
Sleep upon our eyelids caſt;
Soon ſhall ſink, not long to laſt.
Theſe pleaſures gentle fortune give,
And happier than a king I'll live.

## On a LIVELY WOMAN who was married to a DULL MAN.

1.

UNfeeling, giddy, reſtleſs thing,
The flyer of a jack goes round,
With an inceſſant clacking ſound.
Connected by a chain or ſtring,
It's leaden meſs-mate hangs below;
Whoſe weight makes Madam Flyer go.

2.

See heavy *Cloten* moping ſit,
The talk reſigning to his ſpouſe,
(Oh may ſhe ſoon adorn his brows)
A true coquet and fancied wit.
He lends her life, tho' he is dead;
The *flyer* ſhe, and he the *lead*.

# SATIETY.

RECall, *Clarinda*, to thy breaſt,
The moments paſt and o'er;
When tho' we were, ah too too bleſt,
We ſigh'd for ſomething more;

When I was doating, and content,
And thou *Clarinda* dear.
With new deſires my ſoul is rent,
And thine with jealous fear.

Oh had we with diſcretion lov'd,
And ſometimes thou deny'd;
We ne'er the ſick diſguſt had prov'd,
Nor o'er paſt fondneſs ſigh'd.

Ah parricide delight, the flame,
That gave thee birth is cloy'd;
The traitor bliſs, like *Judas*, come,
And with a kiſs deſtroy'd.

# DITHYRAMBIC ODE.

I.

THAT ſigh again—that gentle ſigh—
The dew-drop trembling in thine eye,
*Iris*, that brow of care!—
Thou wert ſportive once and gay,
As the ſongſters from the ſpray,
And kind as vernal air.
Let not pain from pleaſure borrow
Moments never made for ſorrow,
Bid him wait for hoary age.
Ceaſe to pine,
Yon goblet holds a precious mine;
Love and *Bacchus* yet are thine.
Seize, oh ſeize the liquid treaſure,
Big with ſeeds of riſing pleaſure;
Doubts and ſober ſcruples baniſh,
Bid the laws of dotards vaniſh,
Drain the liquid gems and gold;
Quaff the hope of joys untold,
That thrill from vein to vein with ſoft delicious rage.
Hail balm nectareous, bleſt nepenthe, giv'n
To man the ſlave of care, by pitying heav'n.
When want and woes and wrongs the ſpirit wound,
In wine, in gen'rous wine, a panacee is found.

2.

'Tis *Bacchus'* blood, it ſparkles bright,
Inſtinct with beams of orient light.
*Iris*, the chymiſt earth
Drew from the ſun full many a beam,
And thro' the grape ſhe bade them ſtream,
And take in wine a ſecond birth.—
When with mighty love confounding,
With terrific ardours wounding,
*Jove* his *Semele* careſt;
Thrilling ſighs,
She dies, th' ambitious fair-one dies,
The little god amidſt her aſhes lies.—
*Jove* beheld his offſpring languiſh,
Flaming, bleeding, full of anguiſh,
In celeſtial tears relenting,
Late, too late his oath repenting,
He cleans'd away the purple blood,
And quench'd him in the racy flood.
Still flows the blood in wine, and ſtill the flame confeſt,—
O *Bacchus*, *Bacchus*, hail thy myſtic reign!—
I feel the god in ev'ry throbbing vein;
The mighty god, the darling child of *Jove*;
And all th' expanded ſoul is extaſy and love.—

# IRREGULAR ODE.

## AGAINST WINE.

HASTE, your rosy pinions spread;
Hence, nor flutter round my head,
Imps that flatter, imps that shine,
Minions of the god of wine.
Hence, ye little drunken pow'rs,
Steal no more my youthful hours;
Haste to *Gaul*, your fav'rite land,
Where pregnant vines their clust'ring births expand:
There, amongst the foliage stray,
There, amongst the tendrils play; 10
Or sitting on the luscious grape,
Forbid the racy soul to scape.
No de'ay,
Haste away;
Fatal, fatal were your stay.
Many a base and baneful thought,
Ravings, musings, rhymes, ye bring;
Th' equilibre of the soul
O'erset, and bid it vainly roll,
In many a round of feeling tost, 20
In many a maze of passion lost.

Ah, they thrill, they throb, they fly.—
Spare me, ſpare me, or I die.
Fraudful imps, your certain prey,
Long I trod the dang'rous way,
Ways of penance and deſpair,
Fleeting joys, and laſting care;
And oft ye led me to the cells,
Where the Siren woman dwells.
I ſaw your forms, I ſaw them plain, 30
Delightſome active airy train;
Round the brim I ſaw ye trip,
Or ſwim th' intervening lake,
Now along the bumper ſkip
Nor the mantling ſurface ſhake.
Thro' the medium ſeen of wine,
Things with ſpecious luſtre ſhine;
Orient hues the ſight beguile,
Gayly bloom, and ſweetly ſmile.
Fraudful imps, deluſive guides, 40
Ye led my feet where woman bides.
Strenous indolence is there,
Idle hopes, and cauſeleſs fear,
Eager toils that nothing gain'd,
Loud complaints of all diſdain'd,
Laviſh'd hours,
Expence, and rhyme,
And waſted time,
And dreams of death by ſpell-encompaſs'd bow'rs.
I found within the female heart, 50
Pity feign'd, and native art,

Love of grandeur, love of gain,
Light caprice, with ſorrow playing,
Gentle terrors, mild diſdain,
Wiſhes ever ever ſtraying.
Beſhrew thee, muſe, ſtart other game,
Nor ſtudy to record my ſhame.
Bid the Naiads hither haſte,
To waſh away my follies paſt.
Deep I'll quaff the draught profound, 60
Till all my antient ſoul is drown'd.
Regenerate and new,
My ſoul ſhall dare the view,
Of formal eyes and ſelfiſh men;
Nor fear the Stoic's ken;
And leave the thoughts, and ſcorn the cares,
That whilom wore the hours away;
Nor borne at random play,
On light and wanton airs,
That riſe, 70
From woman's ſighs.
No more of love, no more of wine,
Grave and ſober joys be mine.—
Lead me to the hermit's cell,
Let me there with wiſdom dwell.
There let me muſe untroubled and alone,
Raiſe to things above my mind,
And ſhare the viands of the ſimple hind,
And limpid bev'rage from the living ſtone.
Oh pure unſullied joys, 80
Free from anguiſh, free from noiſe,

Immortal thirſt of fame,
Dawning beam of future glory,
Hope to live in letter'd ſtory,
That bid the ſage's toil
Conſume the midnight oil,
And fearleſs of the chilling damp,
Light at Contemplation's lamp,
The ſteady fire of ſome exalted aim;
And thou, illuſtrious appetite to know, 90
Thou proof and pledge of being infinite,
Imparted eſſence of divine delight;
Can feeble ſenſe beſtow,
A joy ſo bright and rare,
That may with thine compare?
If aught beſide may pleaſure give,
Friendſhip, 'tis for thee to live,
Not common friendſhip, ſuch as dwells
Among the ſelfiſh crew,
Not ſuch as gloom'd in Stoic cells, 100
Nor human weakneſs knew,
But riſing from the mutual heart,
Awake and feeling all,
Alive to ev'ry ſoothing art,
And ev'ry tender call.
Bleſt alliance, three-fold aim,
Friendſhip, wiſdom, fame,
Oh ſeize, poſſeſs, and fill my mind,
Oh bring th' untroubled joys, that leave no
Storm behind.

# EPISTLE THE THIRD.

## Part of a LETTER to a FRIEND, from the ISLE of WIGHT.

FROM ſcenes, by nature plann'd for hermit life,
Where peace might ſit, and ſmile at human ſtriſe,
Ambition's frenzy, and the rage of wealth,
Enormous waſte, of comfort, time, and health;
To diſtant plains the friendly nothing flies,
Which but a friend will riſque, a friend will prize,
To tell, I walk, I ride, I drink, I feed,
I ſleep, I wake, I vegetate, and read;
From hill to vale, from ſhade to ſunſhine ſtray,
And dream and loiter tedious life away. 10
I live, a trifling if not happy man,
Not as I would but ſimply as I can,
And when the pleaſures of the ſpirit fly,
An humble ſubſtitute the ſenſes try.

When from a height my ſatiate eyes I glance,
I ſeem, methinks, ſome wizard in romance,
Who calls around him, as he waves his wand,
The bright luxuriant ſcenes of fairy land.

Factitious ſpirits, ſuch as wines impart,
Are thro' the organs filter'd to the heart; 20
When rural nature ſmiles profuſion round,
And health and plenty frolic o'er the ground.

In ev'ry field untainted pleaſure ſprings,
And ev'ry breeze wafts vigour on his wings.
The ſmiling hills that tufted oaks adorn,
The chirp of graſshoppers from ripen'd corn,
The pheaſant, from his covert clanging loud,
And ſportive echo's viſionary croud,
Like genii talking from their air built cells,
When hill to hill the waving voice repels, 30
The grove that murmurs on the mountain's brow,
In ſolemn cadence to the deeps below,
While golden *Ceres* waves along the ſteeps,
And the broad moonſhine on the billow ſleeps,
The hooting owl, that from the neighb'ring grove
Defers repoſe, to bid it ſofter prove,
The ſcene where all things wear the faireſt face,
The land's glad produce, and the human race,
Can ſteal the mind, which cares would elſe employ;
And give, at leaſt, a baſtard kind of joy. 40

When contemplation wakes th' ideal band,
And duteous mem'ry comes at her command;
I feed my ſpirit with the claſſic ſtore,
Th' immortal volumes of poetic lore.

Wond'ring, I trace the dim receſs of mind,
And in myſelf, a diſtant object find;
Or penſive, thro' the long-liv'd record ſcan,
Th' unvarying vanity of various man.
I call, in waking dreams, the gentle muſe,
To bathe my temples with her honey'd dews; 50
No proud demands of future fame are mine,
No maſter touches prune the exub'rant line;
Spontaneous utt'rance of th' unleſſon'd heart,
It ſeeks no praiſes, and it knows no art.
What, tho' my muſe diſplay no mighty charms,
With me, ſhe finds a lover's partial arms.
Me ſhe can pleaſe, tho' all the world deride;
And pleaſing me, what is the world beſide!
When forms of ill the haraſs'd thoughts confound,
The muſes draw their fairy people round; 60
The mind from preſent, paſt, and future bear,
Regrets, remorſes, diſcontents, and fear.
To chear the ſight, in livelieſt hues aſcend,
Th' ideal miſtreſs, or the diſtant friend,
Cares, and to morrow far aloof they keep,
And lull th' enchanted ſoul, in ſoft lethean ſleep.

# VERSES

## Written on MYSELF at LONDON.

AH wretch at idle random hurl'd,
  What harbour ſhalt thou find?
Condemn'd amidſt a ſelfiſh world,
  To ſeek the kindred mind.

Ah wretch, in folly's current borne
  Where knaves and ideots ſway;
And tho' we feel a mutual ſcorn,
  They guide, and I obey.

Some ſolitary feather glides,
  Thus, down the river's breaſt;
The ſtream repulſes, while it guides,
  The heterogeneous gueſt.

When ſhall the tenderneſs that roves,
  Without a reſting place;
When meet the dear repoſe, it loves,
  Within a friend's embrace?

# THE PICTURE.

## Imitated from the French of BELLEAU.

COME then, gentle painter try,
Happy hand, and learned eye,
Try thy ſkill, thy pow'r diſplay;
Fraught with beauty's magic ray,
Bid my abſent charmer riſe,
Living, preſent, to theſe eyes.
And leſt thou ſhould loſe a trace,
Mar a ſmile, diſtort a grace,
All her treaſur'd charms to find,
Gentle painter, read my mind. 10

Sportive winding, curling bright,
Wanton rings of ſilky light,
Make the criſp and ſhining hair;
But, of ſavage art beware.
Painter mark, I nor require
Faſhions quaint, nor proud attire.
Place not coſtly jewels there,
Rivalling the ſtarry ſphere,

Nor the nodding plumage bring,
Heap'd from ev'ry foreign wing. 20
Bind it thou, in ſimple braids,
Of ſome chaſte *Arcadian* maids;
Or of huntreſs *Dian*'s train,
Courſing o'er the breezy plain;
Or, in treſſes unconfin'd,
Let it kiſs the am'rous wind,
Let it wave, and let it flow,
Freely o'er her poliſh'd brow;
Sweet reſerves, becoming pride,
Winning graces, there that bide, 30
Half to hide, and half reveal;
Thus, thro' groves the ſunbeams ſteal;
Thus, thro' clouds athwart her march,
Luna ſhews the creſcent arch;
Thus, thro' leaves that wanton free,
We the viny cluſters ſee,
And the rays that thus pervade,
Take a colour from the ſhade.

Large expanſe, ſo ſmooth and white,
Be the forehead poliſh'd bright, 40
Free from any low'ring air,
Any trace, of grief or care;
Smooth as ice, when winter chill,
Gently ſtays th' untroubled rill.
Now, thy utmoſt ſkill I aſk;
Waits thee, now, a harder taſk.

Let her eye-brows bend with grace;
Set between a meaſur'd ſpace.
Even, ſlender,—men ſhall ſwear,
Braids of ſilk are faſten'd there. 50
Painter, bid thoſe arches ſhow,
Like the bright celeſtial bow,
Off'ring to my boſom ſtill,
Signs of mercy, and good will.

Tell me, can thy tints ſo bright,
Give her eyes their living light,
Thouſand thouſand fond deſires,
Soft allurements, ſubtle fires,
Thouſand honey-barbed darts,
Soothing, paining, am'rous hearts!— 60
Place a ſapphire bright and clear,
In a pure cryſtalline ſphere.
Painter, in each ſpeaking eye,
Set a cherub from the ſky.
Let him roll it's orbed frame;
Let him feed it's veſtal flame.

One eye be gentle, ſoft benign,
And one be piercing, fierce, malign,
In one, be *Venus*' gentle bait,
In one, ſhall *Mars*'s terror wait, 70
Mingled thus, the varied glance,
Shall the doubtful heart entrance;

And one the ſweeteſt hope ſhall feed,
And one ſhall deſperation breed.

Artiſt, ere thy hand is ſtayed,
Be th' expreſſive noſe diſplay'd.
Sweet expreſſion of a mind,
Somewhat haughty, not unkind,
(It nor aquiline muſt be,
Nor turn with forward air and free.) 80
Small and even as a line,
Of the *Grecian* beſt deſign,
Adding grandeur, lending grace,
Marking ſymmetry of face.

Painter, make the blooming cheek,
Juſtly plump, and ſmoothly ſleek;
Nor gaunt, like thoſe where care is found,
Nor like the ruddy milk maid's round,
Juſt proportion, theſe between,
Health and grace ſhall keep a mean. 90
Then, to give the hue divine,
Bid the pink and ſnow drop join;
Or in milk let roſes ſail,
Trembling o'er the brimming pail.

Heav'ns! I now muſt ſilent be;
Painter, 'tis no taſk for thee.
Never can thy hand deſign,
Charming magic, too divine;

Round her beauteous mouth it grows,
In her rosy smile it glows. 100
Yet a faint resemblance make,
Eager fancy shall mistake.
I shall seem a voice to hear,
I shall print my kisses there,
And with fond delusion think,
I the melted coral drink.
Let her lips invite the touch,
Pouting somewhat, tempting much,
Hiding in their rosy smiles,
Softest, sweetest, fondest wiles, 110
Gentle soothings, kind intent,
Ev'ry art of blandishment,
Fresher than a thousand springs,
Silent, speaking godlike things,
Husbanding with dear delay,
Kiss that wafts the soul away.

Happy pencil! labour yet,
Nor the lovely chin forget.
Painter, mark the ripen'd peach,
Let it's softest cotton teach, 120
How to rouud the chin, with care,
Smooth and downy, soft and fair.
And there two wells of nectar sink,
Where the little loves shall drink.

Then, the beauteous face below,
Painter, place the neck of snow.

Be the graces all expreſt,
Glancing, ſporting o'er her breaſt.
Spread the wings of various dies,
Now to fall, and now to riſe. 130
Sweet excurſion, bliſsful flight,
From ſcene, to ſcene of new delight;
Now, o'er iv'ry hills they ſail,
Wanton now, within the vale.
Yet a harder taſk remains,
Bid the living marble plains,
As the balmy breath ſhall paſs,
Sweetly tremble, as the graſs
Gently ruffled, half-inclined,
By the ſoft and am'rous wind. 140
Or, with doubtful wav'ring pace,
Clos'd within a cryſtal vaſe,
By the mighty loadſtone taught,
With inſtinctive ſpirit fraught,
Palpitating here and there,
The needle ſeeks th' enamour'd bear.
Then, upon thoſe hills of ſnow,
Bid the living roſe-buds grow.
What artful touch, what waving line,
Shall thoſe heav'nly orbs define? 150
Shall the poliſh'd ſwell pourtray,
Shall the paſſing ſigh diſplay?
Shall expreſs, how maiden pride,
With chaſtity in bluſhes dy'd,
Faſhion ev'ry thought within;
That cruelty is all their ſin.

Painter, ſtay thy daring hand.—
Ha—that eager glance command.
Never, never, mayſt thou know,
Never may thy canvas ſhow, 160
Never may thy kind'ling eye,
Catch the charms that lower lie.
Painter, ev'n the thought forbear;
Let not fancy riot there;
Nor, with artifice profane,
From the light and wanton train,
Bid a *Phryne* riſe to view,
Such as old *Apelles* drew.
From the wave, in naked pride,
With well-diſſembled bluſhes dy'd, 170
She roſe; and feign'd a ſoft amaze,
And ſaw th' aſſembled *Grecians* gaze.
Never ſhall th' immodeſt fair,
Take my *Clara*'s face and air.
No, my rev'rent love invokes
Sober tints, and decent ſtrokes.
Painter, bid the ſilken dreſs
Hide her limbs, and yet expreſs;
Like a cloud of ſapphire bright,
Like a miſt of orient light, 180
Wave the folds, in free diſport,
Bid them ev'ry zephyr court;
Beauteous miſt, illumin'd cloud,
That the ſun of beauty ſhroud!
While her limbs from light retire,
Yet to feed the lover's fire,

To reward his modeſt eye,
Mark their matchleſs ſymmetry.
Artiſt, more than this be known,
To the pow'rs of love alone;
When in hours of mutual flame,
Cold reſerves, and maiden ſhame,
Sweet oblation, ſhall be paid;
At the ſhrine of *Venus* laid.

Stay, for *Clara* ſhines compleat,
Breathing ſoft, and ſmiling ſweet,
Virgin from the maker's hand,
Bright as *Eve*, behold her ſtand.
Never, with ſuch rivalry,
Did happy art with nature vye.
Ha—what dream my ſight beguiles!
Sure on me my *Clara* ſmiles;
Sure, I hear her accents ſound,
Yes, thy work hath organs found.
Painter, could thy magic ſtore,
Add one dear deluſion more!
Could thy ſoft enchantment ſteal
O'er the touch, and bid me feel,
Bid me feel her glowing charms,
Panting, trembling in my arms!

# DESPAIR.

## Tranſlated from the French of TRISTAN.

1.

MY fruitleſs love, with many a laviſh'd ſong,
And altars, grac'd thee 'midſt th' immortal throng;
Ungrateful maid! neglected and forlorn,
I ſtand the mark for all thy ſhafts of ſcorn;
Ungrateful maid, thy fierce contempt deplore,
With ſighs of living flame, and tears of ſtreaming gore.

2.

When my fond numbers would conceal her hate,
And ſnatch her beauties from oblivious fate,
From pole to pole when *Clara*'s praiſes ſound,
Ungrateful maid! ſhe mocks the am'rous wound.
Her ſingle word a healing balm might ſhow'r,
Yet ſhe that word witholds, and vaunts her cruel pow'r.

3.

Dear galling yoke, which I muſt never rend!
Dear cruel maid, whom pray'rs muſt never bend!

By one laſt blow, my hand, fulfil her doom,
And reſt, my ſorrows, in eternal gloom!
Thou wretch, at once, thy chains and life reſign;
With courage worthy love, and worthy charms divine.

4.

Tremendous pow'r, thou demon pale deform,
Who ne'er art call'd, but when the gather'd ſtorm
O'er life is ſpread, nor hope remains below,
Deſpair, I call thee to relieve my woe!
Oh come, thy kindly cruel aid impart;
Teach me, to heal the pangs that gnaw my burſting heart.

5.

Come ghaſtly phantom, with thy direful band,
Come, guide the ſtroke with unrelenting hand.
Oh bring me peace, and cloſe my weary days;
No pomp of death my ſettled woe diſmays.
Since *Clara*'s eyes withdraw their chearing light,
The genial beams of heav'n, but pain my aching ſight,

6.

I ſee thee come, with horror in thy train,
Affliction, phrenzy, rage, deſpair and pain;
Devouring flames and ſwords around are ſeen,
The baneful aconite, and poniard keen,
That ſet ſad *Pyramus* from anguiſh free,
And gave to *Cato*'s ſoul it's darling liberty.

7.

A bloody torrent rolls thy path along,
Fell fell despite is there, and giant wrong,
That angry heav'n defy, and fortune's hate ;—
I see the pangs for me reserv'd by fate,
And shame and wrath the ling'ring purpose chide,
"Oh fly thou wretch from life, nor future woes abide."

8.

Yes, I will die, to glad the savage heart.—
Receive the victim of thy cruel art.—
Yes, thou shalt see,—no longer mock my pain,—
I burst the prison of thy fell disdain.
When pity fails to balm the lover's wound,
The rest of death remains, and poison may be found.—

9.

*Thersander* spake—and fix'd on heav'n his eyes,
While birds ill-omen'd pass'd before his eyes ;
As screaming round they clapp'd their murky wings,
He grasps the steel, to drain the vital springs ;
While silent night displays her sable weed,
And waits with dewy tears to mourn the frantic deed.

# ANACREONTIC.

I Love the friend, I love the laſs,
That freely takes the circling glaſs.
I love to ſee the dancing eye,
With the wine in luſtre vie;
Or the coral lip combine,
With the ruby of the vine.
Fill it, fill the mantling bowl;
Pledge me, ev'ry thirſty ſoul.
'Tis perdition, to old care,
Pleaſures to the young and fair.
Pleaſures teeming, riſing, flowing,
Never cloying, ever growing,
Pledge me, all ye young and fair,
'Tis perdition, to old care.
Oft I've heard *Franciſco* ſay,
Wine was but a bottled ray,
From the bleſſed orb of light,
Giving ſunſhine in the night;
Giving ſummers genial heat,
When December tempeſts beat.

Give me light, the gloom to chear;
Quick, a bowl of ſunſhine here.—
Let meridian bumpers paſs,
The ſun delights to ſhine thro' glaſs.
If *claret* bottled ſunſhine be,
Eternal *torrid zones* for me.

# EPISTLE THE FOURTH.

## To a young GENTLEMAN, on his having addicted himself to the Study of POETRY.

AND wouldst thou then, in tasks of verse engage?
Throbs thy young bosom with poetic rage?
Oh trust th' experienc'd, trust me dearest boy,
The walks of *Pindus* seldom lead to joy.
In those green paths, while yet 'tis morning, play;
Cull the wild flow'rs that rise along the way;
In chasing butterflies consume thy prime,
Adorn thy temples with the shoots of rhyme.
A while thou mayst, if thus thy fancy leads;
But range not long, in those enchanted meads. 10
To grave pursuits, and serious tasks retire,
Ere manhood rises to meridian fire;
Lest thou shouldst see, (the noon in trifling past),
Thy sun descend, in poverty at last.
Yet wisdom's voice, thy soul did wisdom sway,
Would *instant* turn thy self-deluding way.
Not one short moment giv'n to youthful heat,
One pause of dalliance, in the muses' seat;

Within their bow'rs a thousand demons bide,
A thousand snakes within their flow'rets hide. 20

A plastic god informs the poet's mind,
He makes the beauteous which he does not find,
Displays th' ideal paradise around,
And smiles the barren heath to fairy ground,
His *Midas* hands, ennobled objects hold,
And feel and touch the meanest dross to gold.
Ah fatal gift, what comfort canst thou bring?
Less to the bard, than to the *Lydian* king.
Attendant fancy, from the wilds of air,
Convokes the smiling families of *Fair*, 30
The beauteous elves that o'er creation rove,
Delightful children of almighty love;
Prompt, at her call, the bright ideas throng,
And rush profusely thro' the bloomy song.
At fancy's side, the young-ey'd passions stand,
Sweet blushing boys, in form, a cherub band;
The soul expands, to lodge the smiling train,
Ah, little fearful of the future pain;
Beneath his wings each veils a barbed dart,
'Till deep it quivers in the bleeding heart, 40
Then marks, with cruel pride, his guilty skill,
And flutters round, in wantonness of ill.

Ev'n while abroad th' excursive spirit flies,
Pervades the ocean, or ascends the skies,

And culls whate'er of harmony and grace,
Eternal bounty ſhow'rs on nature's face;
While not an object is too high, too low,
The ſtars that tremble, or the flow'rs that blow,
The troubled workings of th' impaſſion'd mind,
Or humbler inſtincts of the feather'd kind, 50
The harrow'd ſpirit ſhows the naked veins,
All quick and trembling, to the touch of pains.
The lighteſt feather fortune's aits diſpenſe,
Like venom'd ponyards, wounds the morbid ſenſe.
Should fate ſome wretch to keener organs doom,
In vain, for him, might laviſh nature bloom;
The ſecret texture would the ſenſe invade,
Its uſeful vaniſh, and its beauteous fade,
And ev'n the faireſt flow'ret give to view,
But certain atoms, rang'd in order due, 60
Self-deſtin'd poet, this thy dread employ;
To look to ſorrow, thro' th' apparent joy,
To loſe the pleaſure too much underſtood,
And feel away from things the ſurface good.

Such ſeeds of woe the bard within him bears;
Nor will the world (believe me) dry his tears.
A ſecret curſe purſues the luckleſs name;
Oppreſſive taxes load poetic fame;
The dull impoſe them on the tuneful band,
The world collects them, with remorſeleſs hand. 70
Mark the cloſe phalanx of the ſelfiſh ſchools,
Array'd to guard the dignity of fools;

Nor with more ſcorn, the *Phariſee* of old,
On the poor *Publican* his glances roll'd,
Than they, on poets, and in zealous fit,
Thank heav'n they never dealt with wicked wit.
See fortune's ſons with pond'rous might combine,
To drive the muſes from her Gothic ſhrine.
Say, wouldſt thou thrive?—correct the feeling heart;
And hold the world, but as a mighty mart, 80
Where each man's talent is expos'd for gold,
And minds are valued, as they may be ſold.
There, his that glows with verve poetic fraught,
By many cheapen'd, ſhall by few be bought;
Like a thin tiſſue, fit for ſummer wear,
Held by the grave too flimſy, and too dear.

Still thou wouldſt write; to tame thy youthful fire,
Recall to life the martyrs of the lyre.
Lo, ev'ry face the lines of ſorrow bears,
And ev'ry wreath is wet with dropping tears; 90
Such deadly damps the verdant meed bedew,
It ſeems funereal, as the *Stygian* yew.
Aſk of the train; and they perhaps may tell,
Around the bard what riſing comforts dwell,
What iſles of bliſs he finds in ſorrow's deep,
What golden viſions chear his fatal ſleep.

There, *Ovid* mourns along the *Pontic* plain,
The luckleſs paſſion, and th' unguarded ſtrain;
How frail and brief imperial friendſhips prove,
What giddy perils wait imperial love. 100

Once, the proud thing, that met a *Julia*'s fires,
Once, the gay tutor of the young desires;
Now faint and womanish, to tears resign'd,
The feeble numbers speak th' enervate mind.
His *Julia*'s portrait all at random cast,
His art of love is torn, and scatter'd o'er the waste.

There honest *Juvenal*, whose manly page,
Scourg'd the rank vices of a shameless age.
Swoln with the surfeit of luxurious wealth,
Proud *Rome* imbib'd the bitter draught of health; 110
And what his portion?—read th' indignant strain,
" The lot of virtue * is applause and pain.
" Ah vain applause, the pain thou canst not cure;
" Th' applause is transient, but the pains endure.

And he who fitted to the deep-ton'd lyre
Polluted *Thebes*, th' incestuous son and sire,
The father's curse, the brother's deathless hate,
Th' eternal fiends that *Cadmus*' line await.—
Must the proud muse, in regal crimson dy'd,
Crouch at a manager's insulting pride?— 120
When *Paris*' † nod proscrib'd the lofty song,
Vain were the sceptred pall and vain the buskin'd throng.
Oh splendid impotence of barren praise!
No golden apples crown the starving bays. ‡

* Probitas laudatur & alget.

† *Paris*, a famous actor.

‡ Curritur ad vocem jucundam, & carmen amicæ
*Thebaidos*, lætam fecit cum *Statius* urbem,

Promi-

And hark, * *Laberius*, from the guilty ſtage,
Mourns the ſad remnant of diſhonour'd age.
When *Cæſar*'s cruelty, with baſe controul,
Would rend the feelings of a gen'rous ſoul;
Imperial ſpite devis'd the wounding taſk,
The knight degraded in the jeſter's maſk; 130
But ſhame recoiling mock'd th' infernal aim,
Flew from the bard, and ſmote the tyrant's name.

Ambition bade young *Petrarch*'s § eyes explore
The deep receſſes of the legal ſtore;

Promiſitque Diem tantâ Dulcedine captos
Afficit ille animos, tantâque libidine vulgi
Auditur, ſed cum fregit ſubſellia verſu
Eſurit, intactam *Paridi* niſi vendat Agaven.

JUVENAL.

* *Julius Cæſar*, by a moſt odious refinement in cruelty, deſiring to outrage the feelings of an ingenuous mind, compelled *Laberius*, a Roman knight, and a poet of ſome eminence, to perform a part in a farce on the public ſtage. His ſpirited and pathetic lamentation on that occaſion is ſtill extant, and muſt equally excite our eſteem and compaſſion for the poet, and our deteſtation and contempt for the tyrant.

§ *Petrarch* was deſigned for the ſtudy of the law, by his father, and applied himſelf, for a while, with great application to that profeſſion. He, afterwards, went into the church, and was in great favour at the pope's court. It is not ſo generally known, that he was one of the great reſtorers of ancient literature, and made a very large collection of manuſcripts of the claſſics.

Religion woo'd him, to the hallow'd toil,
Of ſacred volumes by the midnight oil,
From lurid cells, he drew with pious hand,
The precious reliques of the claſſic band.
Beneath an heap of *Gothic* rubbiſh hurl'd,
And mingled fragments of a waſted world, 140
(When, like an earthquake, the barbarian's hate,
Broke the coloſſus of the *Roman* ſtate,)
For ages' ſunk, the muſe of *Tiber* lay;
But *Petrarch*'s hand reveal'd her to the day.
Unworthy paſſion came, with baſe controul,
And ſhrunk the ſinews of the mighty ſoul;
It curſt his life, it dwindled all his fame,
It ſunk the ſcholar's in the lover's name.

What art ſhall ſooth, what counſel ſhall controul,
Th' eternal ſtorm of *Taſſo*'s madding ſoul? 150
He ſhone, unrivall'd for the ſword and pen,
And curſt he ſhone, beyond the lot of men.
Love, fear, reſentment, jealouſy, diſdain,
In wild ſucceſſion goad the tortur'd brain.
Might heav'nly harpings ſooth th' infernal band,
Nor borrow'd lyre he needs, nor *David*'s hand.—
Such ſtrains are thine—perturbed noble mind
Where ſhalt thou reſt?—or where an harbour find?
Thy days in exile or in priſon paſt,
In madneſs muſt thou ſeek repoſe at laſt. 160

See the bold muſe exulting *Tagus* bore,
A wretched exile on a diſtant ſhore.

Hark, the ſwart eaſt unwonted ſtrains ſhall boaſt,
And chords angelic ſooth the burning coaſt.
From pain to pain thy wand'ring ſteps were led,
And ſhames and ſorrows crouded on thy head,
Wounds, want, and chains thy ſoul by turns eſſay,
And worſt and laſt, a petty tyrant's ſway:
Such was thy lot, *Camoens*, and fortune's hate
Had mark'd thy numbers for a ſilent fate, 170
But thy ſtrong hand her envious rage defy'd,
And ſnatch'd thy glory from th' oblivious tide;—
High, o'er his head th' immortal tome he bore,
And ſtem'd the ſaucy main, and proudly gain'd the ſhore.—
Illuſtrious poet, what returns of praiſe,
What beams of comfort chear thy cloſing days?
An hoſpital receives th' indignant bard,
And beggars' alms the ſacred ſong reward,
Alas, how little can the vulgar eyes
Revere the poet, thro' the mean diſguiſe 180
Of abject want, and own th' ætherial flame,
And hail the nurſeling of eternal fame.
Thus, at ſome maſque unhonour'd and unknown,
A prince is ſhrouded in the palmer's gown.

And thou that mourn'd the pang, to ride, to run,
To ſpend, to give, to want, to be undone;
Sweet child of fancy, prince of *Britiſh* ſong,
Dear to the learn'd, the brave, and beauteous throng,

To *Sidney* dear, by *Raleigh* lov'd in vain,
*Eliza* vainly prais'd thy peerless strain. 190
Lo, half thy fame is swallow'd by the deep,—
What floods of brine thy thorny pillow steep!
Not soft they fall, by *Mulla*'s pleasant shore,
Under the foot of *Mole* that mountain hoar.*
Ah me, no more at pity's call they flow,
No more embalm the lover's gentle woe;
For keen distress they flow, domestic harms,
For muses silent midst the rage of arms;
Mourn the wide ravages of civil strife,
And quench the smould'ring lamp of weary life. 200
Where *Spenser*, where was *Gloriana*'s hand?
Art thou an exile from thy native land?
Shall princes thus immortal praise reward?
Does thankless *Britain* spurn her noblest bard?
For thee, *despair* unfolds his hideous cave,
The horrid forms of ghastly famine rave;
That eye to pity, and that heart to feel!
What kindred softness shall thine anguish heal?
*Eblana* ‡ mourn, th' illustrious outcast dies;
Ye nymphs of *Liffey*, join his parting sighs. 210

* —— I fate as was my trade
Under the foot of *Mole*, that mountain hoar,
Keeping my sheep amongst the cooly shade,
Of the green alders, by the *Mulla*'s shore. *Spenser.*

‡ We are informed by Dr. *Warton*, in his *Observations on Spenser*,

And thou, with age oppreſt, beſet with wrongs,
And fall'n on evil days, and evil tongues,
In darkneſs and with dangers compaſs'd round;
What ſtars of joy thy night of anguiſh crown'd?
What breath of vernal airs, or ſound of rill,
Or haunt by *Siloa*'s brook, or *Sion*'s hill,
Or light of cherubim, th' empyreal throne,
Th' effulgent car and inexpreſſive *One*?
Alas, not thine the foretaſte of thy praiſe;
A dull oblivion wrapt thy mighty lays. 220
Awhile thy glory ſunk, in dread repoſe,
Then, with freſh vigour, like a giant roſe,
And ſtrode ſublime, and paſt with gen'rous rage,
The ſeeble minions of a puny age.

Yet happier thus, in high-born worth of ſong,
Than *Dryden* meaneſt of the tuneful throng,
No taſk ſo baſe his humble wants refuſe,
And parties, patrons, printers ride his muſe;
She crowns the bigot, profligate, and vain,
On monkiſh quibbles waſtes the noble ſtrain, 230
In naked licenſe treads th' unworthy ſtage,
Or caters vile applauſe, with fuſtian rage.
But peace my muſe, thy greeneſt foliage ſpread,
And ſhade the foibles of the mighty dead.

*Spenſer*, that *Spenſer* periſhed for want in the ſtreets of *Dublin*. He died in King-ſtreet, *Oxmantown*.

From *Lee's* abode the dreary curtains draw,
And ſhow the darkling cell, the couch of ſtraw,
The whip, the bonds, the haughty keeper's frown;
Oh what a noble mind is there o'erthrown!
Behold thoſe eyes in wildeſt frenzy roll,
That ſpake the movements of a tuneful ſoul: 240
Ev'n now, the mind like ſome fair *Eden* lies,
Now, ſudden blackneſs ſtains the leaden ſkies,
The whirlwinds burſt—commix'd, confus'd, and torn,
The faireſt flow'rs, and goodlieſt plants are born.

The ſtings of want when famiſh'd *Otway* bore,
Oh think, what pangs the gentle ſpirit tore.
Awake to mourn, and exquiſite to feel,
How ſorrow rives him with her hand of ſteel!
Thou brighteſt fancy, ſofteſt, kindeſt, ſoul,
There ſway'd the tragic muſe with high controul, 250
And *Venus* kiſt thy lips, and bath'd thy ſtrain,
In pureſt nectar; but ſhe bath'd in vain.
Child of the graces, nurſling of the loves,
In houſeleſs beggary poor *Otway* roves.
Lo, ſome kind hand the tardy boon ſupplies,
A ſickly luſtre fills his hollow eyes,
With trembling haſte, he graſps the precious meal,
The damps of death his weary eyelids ſeal.

In mean dependance *Butler's* ſun deſcends,
See gentle *Gay*, the hare with many friends. 260
Say wouldſt thou take their fortune, with their fame,
A menial bondage, with a poet's name?

No, rather wiſh the doom of *Collins* thine,
In ſecond childhood tortur'd thoughts reſign.
Senſe, mem'ry, care, in bland oblivion loſt,
No more the ſoul with warring paſſion toſt,
Long dead to pleaſure, now redeem'd from woe,
The ſtreams of *Lethe* o'er his ſpirit flow,
The deep'ning furrows of affliction lave,
And ſmooth the harrow'd ſoul, with all-benumbing
wave. 270

Behold yon ſhade, he bears an antique roll;
With many a ſcutcheon clad, and many a ſcroll;
'Tis he, the wond'rous youth of *Briſtowe*'s plain,
That pour'd in *Rowley*'s garb his ſolemn ſtrain.
A ſtripling ſcarcely, and yet more than man,
His race was ended, ere it well began.
Th' indignant ſpirit tower'd o'er little men,
He look'd thro' nature, with an angel's ken,
And ſcorn'd with conſcious pride, this petty ſtage,
The tardy homage of a thankleſs age. 280
The furies wrong his agonizing ſoul,
And deſperation mix'd the Stygian bowl.

He too, that gloried in a *baſtard*'s name,
The patient pupil of reproach and ſhame.—
Nor father's ſmile, nor mother's tender tears,
Chear'd the ſad cradle of his tender years.
Lo, time for him prepares the ſcorns and whips,
And ſteeps in poverty beyond the lips.—

Oh *Savage*, doubly born of noble kind,
And tenfold noble in th' exalted mind. 290
Want, fear, and calumny for thee combin'd,
And blood oppressive clings around thy mind.
Oft to themselves their pangs the wretched owe,
But, *Savage*, thine from crimes of others flow,
What demons steel a shameless woman's breast!
Maternal fury, wilt thou never rest?
With vilest falshoods, ev'ry fiend-like art,
The human harpy rends his bleeding heart.
Unwearied hate the curse of being gave,
Pursued thro' life, and sunk him to the grave. 300
Oh *Savage*, curst with elegant desires,
Th' ennobled nature, the poetic fires;
Thy roving wishes spread th' unwearied wing,
Their sad returns of misery to bring;
No peaceful olive proves their wand'rings past,
But noxious herbs, and fruits of bitterest taste.
In dreary prospect, dire existence lies,
Where crowding sorrows, woes on woes arise,
The murder'd hopes, departed faith of friends,
And mildest death, the long perspective ends. 310
Alas, what joy thy parting moment smooth'd,
By *Pope* * embitter'd, by a jailor sooth'd;

* *Savage* in his prison received a letter full of bitter reproaches from Mr. *Pope*, which threw him into a fever on the spirits, of which he died.

Strange comforter! he cheared thy prison's gloom,
He gave thy reliques to the decent tomb.

For me—regardless of poetic fame,
To shun the sorrows, I renounce the name.
If free from thorns I snatch some obvious flow'r,
The careless songster of an idle hour,
Yet well I know that songsters must be fed,
That *Pindus'* stones shall never turn to bread, 320
That bards must learn on airy sounds to live,
Or change the muses, for the means to thrive,
Allur'd by breathing spring, and balmy gales,
Awhile the linnet charms the sounding vales,
Then, mindful of his food, for fruit and grain,
He roves the garden, or he wings the plain.

Thus would I warn thee, from the tuneful throng,
And, idle preacher, I would warn in song.
In vain the warning; charm'd with specious ill,
Thy doom is cast; thou art a poet still. 330
I hear thee cry, "one darling boast remains,
"The freeborn bard a sordid wish disdains;
"Dear are the pangs his discontents impart,
"And dear his feelings, tho' they rend his heart.
"Would pensive *Gray* have chang'd his somb'rous hue,
"For all the sports that youthful lightness knew?
"The poet feels no envious gloom arise,
"When fortune robes her child, in many dies,

" Within his breaſt, no baneful wiſhes low'r,
" While the gay ſtripling vaunts his dream of pow'r.
" Bleſt in the treaſures that the muſe beſtows,
" Her gentle frenzy, and voluptuous woes,
" He leaves the world, to ſouls of baſer kind,
" And ſhrinks retir'd within creative mind."

FINIS.

# ERRATA.

Page 91, l. 104, for *love* read *lore*.
Page 103, l. 435, for *loup* read *loud*.
Page 112, fifth line from the top, for *aim* read *arm*.
Page 124, the firſt line, and in the note, for *Nærra* read *Nærra*.
Page 149, l. 5, for *lip* read *life*.
Page 164, l. 58, for *pulck'd* read *pluck'd*.
Page 174, l. 3, for *tears* read *fears*.
Page 217, laſt line but one, for *come* read *came*.
Page 221, l. 42, for *Strenous* read *Strenuous*.
l. 46, for *hours* read *pow'rs*.
Page 232, l. 121, for *rouud* read *round*.